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OMEGA PLUS NINETY

So now we know where we are; at least, we have been given a pre-view of the Parliamentary chess-board with the pieces set as Mr. Churchill plans to arrange them in preparation for an appeal to the electorate. The Coalition is to continue until the war with Germany is "effectively and officially" finished—a consummation whose date is very tentatively predicted by the Prime Minister as likely to be between spring and midsummer of next year. Thereupon the Coalition will be dissolved; but, in order to allow time for arrangements whereby men and women in the Services can vote, polling will not take place for three months or thereabouts. In the interim a Government of caretakers, predominantly Tory in complexion, will hold office under Mr. Churchill. That is, in military language, D-day for the electorate is to be approximately "Omega-Day + 90"; and, from Omega-Day until polling, Parliament will revert to normal Party procedure, with Labour heading an official Opposition.

The Prime Minister expressed his confidence that this plan would be accepted by all Parties. It was a natural assumption, and Mr. Churchill did not trouble to disguise his readiness to make full use of the tactical strength of his position. If the Labour Party assumed "the measureless responsibility" of withdrawing from the Coalition in advance of his time-table, he would hold an immediate election, invoke the nation's "fierce resentment" against the breakers of unity, and ask for a mandate to carry on the war to a victorious conclusion. He would get it. It is a safe forecast that the Parliamentary pattern will shape itself broadly as the Prime Minister desires or—should we not say?—dictates. The implications call for clear thinking by the parties of the Left.

The strongest argument that could be put forward for continuance of the Coalition has now gone by the board. It might have been urged that, in the critical period following the end of military operations in Germany, the participation of Labour Ministers in shaping the terms of occupation and the peace settlement would be of inestimable value. But in this phase they are no longer to have a place in Mr. Churchill's Cabinet: it is a Tory Government which will determine our immediate post-war policy in European affairs. There remains the question whether, in the domestic field, the Coalition will place on the Statute Book, between now and the General Election, legislation representing real social progress. There are projects in plenty. The White Papers on social insurance, workmen's compensation, national health service and employment policy offer scope for Bills which would furnish ample grist for the Parliamentary mill during the next nine months. There is urgent need, too, for measures to deal effectively with post-war housing problems, to regulate the future location of industries, and to control the transition from war to peace production. If the Labour Ministers can overcome the disabilities of being imprisoned by Mr. Churchill in a Parliamentary Zariba, and can force through legislation which is at least a half-way house to the radical economic reconstruction which Britain's situation demands, they will not only be able to claim electoral credit for their achievement; they will have done good service to the country.

We wish we could discern omens more propitious. The one product of "unity and compromise" during this Parliamentary autumn has been a misnamed Town and Country Planning Bill whose limited scope effectively nullifies hopes of rational area or regional planning, and whose compensation clauses (with all but a tiny minority of landlords now classed as "owner-occupiers" entitled to inflated 1945 prices for their property) will saddle local authorities with a crippling financial burden in rebuilding even blitzed areas. In a political atmosphere already redolent, as the Prime Minister admits, with "the odour of dissolution," the Tory majority in the Coalition are preparing to fight a stern rearguard action in defence of vested interests. Not for nothing did Mr. Erskine Hill warn the Prime Minister in Tuesday's debate that the only way to obviate "controversy" in the House would be to postpone all controversial Bills, i.e., all Bills not acceptable to the more hard-faced Tories. Not for nothing has the Conservative Party appointed as its new chairman the adroitly reactionary Mr. Assheton, whose tenure of the Financial Secretaryship of the Treasury has given him useful practice in marshalling the "we cannot afford it" arguments against progress in any direction.

That the Tory election managers will decide to give some sops to Cerberus between now and election day, we do not doubt. But we are unable to share the confidence which now appears to imbue the *Manchester Guardian*, that great reforms will emanate from this Coalition. Over the rights of property in relation to human and moral values the differences between Right and Left are too profound for any compromise to bridge. The war will roll on of its own dread momentum; the rebuilding of peace will have no effective beginning until the electorate decides into whose hands the task is to be entrusted. It is at least possible that the electorate will be so disillusioned with National government (which it knows well enough, is really Tory government) that it will put Labour into power. That will be a great opportunity—probably, if Labour misses it, its last opportunity. It will be magnificent if by that time Labour has formulated a practical programme of drastic social change and has a team of leaders who know what they want and resolutely fight for it.

The American Elections

Though Tuesday's American election will rank among the most important in world history, few observers would risk a confident prediction. The latest Gallup poll gives Mr. Roosevelt a majority of only 51 per cent. in the total electorate; but the voting for the presidential electoral college is by States and a change by a narrow margin in such a pivotal unit as New York State might decide the issue. It is said that the Republicans are winning over the Italians and Poles, both of them important factors in this State. On the other hand, the *New York Times*, which wields much influence and not in its own State only, though it opposed Mr. Roosevelt in 1940, is now supporting him, mainly because a party so mixed as the Republicans is likely to swing towards Isolation. The leader of the "Willkie" Republicans in California has taken

the same line. It should help the President that registration has been heavier than it was four years ago, probably because the C.I.O. was active in getting workers to enrol. The soldiers' vote, which will delay the final declaration of the result for over a month, is also likely to be heavier than was expected. These are good omens and it is the general feeling that Governor Dewey's personality hardly measures up to Presidential stature. But the Republicans usually do well in periods of prosperity, and their slogan "it's time for a change" is well aimed at the unthinking voter. They had to promise, however, to change nothing in the social measures of the New Deal, the direction of foreign policy or the conduct of the war—a confession of which the President made a brilliant ironical use. But Congress also has to be considered, and here the Democrats may fare worse than in the vote for the presidency.

Order and Arms

The problem of dealing with the fighting men of the *Maquis*, the F.F.I., has been happily solved by their incorporation in the regular army, under their own officers in their own comradely units. But General de Gaulle's demand for the disbandment of other irregular formations, notably the *milices patriotiques*, is causing trouble. These did little fighting, but acted as a popular police against the active collaborationists and their spies. The case for disarming them is (*a*) that the army, still miserably equipped, needs their weapons, and (*b*) that the interests of order are prejudiced by the operations of a guerrilla police which is not subject to the central authority of the Republic. The Council of Resistance has protested, and it is said that the two Communist Ministers in the Government threatened at one moment to resign. It now looks as if the trouble will be averted by compromise. The decision stands, but the milice will be disarmed not disbanded. The disarmament of a citizen militia was always in French history a risky business. It was the attempt of the Versailles Government to snatch the cherished guns of the National Guard that drove the Parisians into the revolt of the Commune. In the present instance the real trouble is that the Movement of Resistance distrusts the intentions of the Government in at least two matters. The purge of the traitors does not go fast enough for its liking; nor is it sure that the Government means business in the socialisation of the key industries.

Can Franco Last?

Ever since Franco overthrew the Spanish Republic he has been able to count on the tacit and sometimes avowed support of a Tory foreign policy. In spite of his open sympathy with Hitler, the dispatch of the Blue Division to the Russian Front, and the material assistance which Spanish industry and trade have given to the Nazi war effort, Franco has seen little more evidence of hostility from this country than some very formal and diplomatic protests. It is time—as Alvarez del Vayo said with some vigour in *Reynolds* last week—to put an end to Tory backing of Franco and the Falange. With the liberation of France, Franco is isolated both physically and politically from his Nazi backers. The successes of the Spanish units fighting with the F.F.I. have not only provided an inspiration for a new outbreak of partisan warfare in many of the mountain districts of Spain, but have secured the Spanish Republicans in southern France the right to organise themselves again in an open political fashion. The Congress for the Liberation and Reconquest of Spain which is now taking place in Toulouse and to which Señor Negrin is said to be going from this country, should be the first step towards a united democratic opposition. It is difficult to judge from the confused reports reaching London just how far this Congress is linked to the "Supreme Junta of National Unity," the body formed by the opposition in Madrid last year, but it seems clear that the Junta is in existence and that it is directing the main internal struggle against Franco. Until last week, the Republicans had the use of Radio Toulouse for propaganda purposes. Then (presumably on orders from Paris?) this facility was denied them. If a representative body emerges from the Toulouse Congress, we hope the French will again make radio facilities available to it. De Gaulle is said to have feared that Allied recognition would have been withheld, if he had not taken some steps to restrict Republican activity. But, as reliable correspondents have reported in the last few days, most of the stories of Spanish partisans crossing the frontier in large numbers were part of the general scare which has been raised about the Red Menace in southern France. Reports from Spain confirm that the Franco Government is nearer collapse than at any time since it seized power. But to overthrow it two things are required. First, a united opposition. Second, that British foreign policy should no longer regard Franco Spain as the object of conciliation and appeasement.

End of the Slovak Rising

Ruthenia, the easternmost province of Czechoslovakia, is being occupied by the Red Army; further to the west, in Slovakia, the Allied cause has suffered a setback. The Slovak rising, which for two months constituted a considerable threat to the German rear, has been crushed, and tens of thousands of Slovak patriots have had to take to the woods. Thus, although another revolution has ended in tragedy while help seemed close at hand—for a number of reasons—it is not another Warsaw. The initial success of the rising surpassed all expectations. The meticulously prepared plot was pulled off almost without a hitch. The Bratislava puppet Government's army, police, gendarmerie and civil service went over *en bloc* to join forces with the resistance movements of the Czechoslovak Government and the Communist Party. The majority of the Slovak people were ready to accept the authority of the newly constituted Slovak National Council and its programme of loyalty to the Czechoslovak Republic. With one stroke the revolt united the Slovak people and cleansed them from the stigma of collaborationism. The Slovaks have made it clear that they want a strong Czechoslovakia, but a Czechoslovakia in which they will be equal partners. The constitutional problems thus raised will have to wait for their solution, for, in President Beneš's view, they cannot be decided by a Government in exile. But there is no doubt that the conception of *one* Czechoslovak nation, which was so strongly upheld, is dead. For two months, political and public administration in liberated Slovakia were directed by the Slovak National Council in the name of the free and independent Slovak nation. It was a remarkable achievement. Until a few days ago, life in Banska Bystrica and other liberated Slovak towns appeared almost normal. Railways and buses were running; factories and offices working. Free Slovakia had her own radio and press. Money and food, sent to central Slovakia in advance, were plentiful; so were troops and volunteers to fight the Germans. Free Slovakia, however, was desperately short of arms, especially heavy equipment; and Germany's success in holding the exit from the Dukla Pass prevented timely aid arriving from the Russians.

Persian Oil

A situation fraught with disagreeable possibilities has arisen in consequence of the Persian Government's refusal to grant the U.S.S.R. rights forthwith to exploit oil in the area of northern Persia occupied by Russian troops. The attitude adopted by M. Saed, the Persian Prime Minister, was that there could be no question of granting oil concessions to anybody until after the war. This formula, of course, was a pretty thin cloak covering his real fear that a concession granted to a Russian State Monopoly in Persia would mean the end of Persian independence. However that may be, M. Kavtaradze, the Envoy sent by Moscow to Teheran to negotiate the concession, was in a position to retort to M. Saed that the British Government is a partner in the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and that both that concern and its American competitors have long had representatives in Teheran seeking further oil-drilling rights. That the Russians suspected Anglo-American intrigues behind the Persian refusal is only too probable. Their immediate reaction has been to accuse M. Saed of flouting the popular will, without a Parliamentary mandate. Under the auspices of the Persian-Soviet Cultural Society a "Freedom Front" is becoming active in Teheran; and there have been attacks in the Moscow press on the Shah for holding up Lend Lease supplies destined for the U.S.S.R., and thus infringing the Russo-Persian Treaty.

What's Wrong with the Cotton Industry

The Cotton Textile Mission to the United States, headed by Sir Frank Platt, the Cotton Controller, and including trade unions, as well as business representatives, has come home to report that the British cotton industry is obsolete, ill-organised and consequently unproductive, and to institute most unflattering comparisons between British and American methods of production. In terms of output per man-hour, British production is below American "by approximately 18 to 49 per cent. in spinning, by 80 to 85 per cent. in winding, by 79 to 89 per cent. in beaming and by 56 to 67 per cent. in weaving." The essential causes of the disparity are clear: a large part of the industry's equipment is obsolete; its organisation is such as to preclude, except in certain branches of spinning, standardisation and large-scale production; and both its management and its labour force are highly conservative and disposed to resist adaptation to modern technique. Technically, the remedies are no less clear, and the Report lays them down categorically. But what hope is there of their adoption while the industry remains under its present hopelessly divided control? Technique depends on organisation, as much in cotton as in coal mining. The recent American Report which told home-truths to the coal industry has been suppressed; and there are doubtless some who would have wished to suppress this purely British Report. We are left wondering from how many other essential industries candid investigators would be compelled to bring back similar tidings and wondering also what signs there are that the Government is at all alive to the implications of such well-authenticated White Papers as this.

The Monopolists' Dream of Heaven

If the Government were aware of these implications, would it have appointed Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner to take charge of its arrangements for the change-over of industry to a peace footing? We do not dispute Sir Charles' abilities as a financier and manipulator of business concerns: we know that he was Mr. Montague Norman's right hand in the Bank's dealings with industry during the Restrictive Thirties. We know, too, that he was the Chairman of the Committee of the Federation of British Industries which has just issued its report on the Organisation of British Industry; and we are led thereby to suppose that the Government agrees in the main with the F.B.I. about what needs to be done. The F.B.I's Report is, from start to finish, neither more nor less than a glorification of Trade Associations as the means of promoting the higher efficiency which industry must achieve after the war if we are to avoid national disaster. "The ideal, from the national point of view," we are told, "would be that the Government should confine itself to producing a framework of national economic policy, leaving the details to be filled in by working associations provided by the industries themselves." There is no suggestion that these associations should give any representation to labour or to the consumers, or that there should be any Government nominees upon them or control over their doings. They hope to see "the minimum of Government interference

and that it shall apply over as small a field as possible for as short a period as possible." If these are the views of the man who is to direct the reorientation of British industry, heaven help us! The appointment seems expressly designed to make post-war Britain the safe preserve of monopoly capitalism in its most restrictive form.

A Contrast

It needs to be emphasised that the policy proclaimed by the F.B.I.—and apparently endorsed by the Government—is antithetical not only to Socialism and to the semi-Socialism proclaimed by Mr. Herbert Morrison, but equally to the type of capitalist enterprise which is usually upheld against the "planners." The F.B.I. has no more belief in the virtues of the competitive system than the most dogmatic Socialist. What it believes in is producers' monopoly, organised by capitalist interests apart from the State and not invoking compulsory powers because such invocation would be bound to bring in its train a large extension of State control. There is, of course, in the Report signed by Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner and his colleagues plenty of lip-service to the paramountcy of the public interest and plenty of profession of the good intentions of the monopolists. But there is no machinery for securing the consistency of capitalist practice with public policy. This is a notable difference between this Report of the F.B.I. and the Report put forward about two years ago by a large number of leading industrialists under the aegis of I.C.I. That Report, too, had its weaknesses; but it did at any rate recognise that monopoly could not be enthroned without safeguards. The Nuffield Report, signed by both leading industrialists and Trade Unionists, went a long way further in providing for positive controls and precautions against monopoly power. Sir Charles and the F.B.I. go all out for sheer capitalist control; and they have their reward in the appointment of their Chairman, almost before the printer's ink is dry, to a key position in economic reconstruction.

PARLIAMENT: Reprieved

Wednesday, noon.

EVEN the naughtiest oppositionists in the House can hardly have failed to feel a faint, base, human sense of relief on learning from the Prime Minister's speech that they would not be obliged to fight energetic and expensive election campaigns in the immediate future. The speech was generally approved for its frankness and reasonableness, though King-Hall crooned a chagrined swan-song on national unity, and Bevan, lecturing the Government on its spiritual ineptitude, said that the war ought to have been won long ago. Several Labour Members were distressed by a phrase of Greenwood's: speaking of the period after the General Election but before the end of the Japanese War, he said that Labour would "support" the Government then in power—as though it would inevitably be a Tory Government. This seemed a symptom of defeatism—of a shrinking from political victory. There was also some speculation about the nature of the interim, post-dissolution Government—which Herbert Morrison opined might be "much more exclusively Conservative than this one." The most surprising statement in the debate was Winterton's: "I should be the last person to attempt to give anything like a constitutional lecture."

Friday's debate on the repair of London's more than 800,000 bomb-damaged houses was brisk and practical—a good example of the kind of debate, free from party controversy, which now and then seems to justify Parliament's title of Council of State. Robertson, who opened it, introduced the only notes of controversy by saying that the problem demanded "a Beaverbrook" and by sneering at idle workmen—a charge vigorously rebutted by Green, Driberg, and Mrs. Tate, among others. Few Members were satisfied with the progress so far made; but Willink put up a convincing case against departmental mergings under one Minister of Housing.

At question-time, when Bellenger asked a question about allegedly impending privilege leave on a large scale, Grigg rapped back that only "imaginative journalists" had given that impression. Anderson disclosed that "Scandal at Barchester" and "The Circle" were among plays currently exempt from entertainment duty. He made no reply when asked by Mrs. Tate "to be so exceedingly gracious" as to put into simple language "for some of the women who may need it" an answer about wives' post-war credits.

PONTIFEX MINOR

CHINA—SOME OF THE TRUTH

INCREASINGLY the Pacific war is discussed in terms of an American and British war against Japan; the fact that the war began with Japan's invasion of China seven years ago is no longer emphasised. In virtue of her pride of place in the war, China remains, nominally at least, one of the "Big Four." In the long run it will be found that to place China in this category was correct, for Japan cannot be defeated without the co-operation of China, nor can there be a lasting settlement of the Far East in which a revivified China is not the focal point. To rejoice at the American landing in the Philippines and to forget the simultaneous Japanese advance into Central China, is to ignore the long-term military and political realities. Japan's armies, now advancing with menacing rapidity through Kweilin, have gained firm control of most of the Pekin-Canton railway. They hope to establish a land-route linking their armies in China with their conquests in South-East Asia. In the meantime they have deprived Chungking of all contact with the West, except the long and limited route from the U.S.S.R. and the difficult and dangerous air route over the Himalayas. The Japanese Army in China does not depend on supplies from Japan; it could be supplied from Manchuria if Tokio were in Allied hands. Thus the Americans have been right, from the military as well as the long-run political point of view, in building aerodromes in Central China and in seeking to relieve the psychological and military pressure on Chungking by General Stillwell's offensive in Yunnan. To-day, as an offset to their success in the Philippines, they have been forced to destroy their aerodromes in Central China and to recall General Stillwell to other, at present unspecified, duties.

General Stillwell has now been recalled, Mr. Roosevelt says, because of personal difficulties with Chiang Kai-shek. These are real enough, but General Stillwell's quarrel was about grave issues of policy. The Americans want to introduce some efficiency into Chungking. They have already insisted that lend-lease material shall be prevented from falling into dubious hands, and they want to revive China as a fighting ally by persuading the Kuomintang to compose its differences with the Communist armies in the North. Unless the Generalissimo seeks new backing from the Chinese masses, America fears the triumph of quisling elements.

It would be idle to pretend that the position of the Chungking Government is not serious. For the first time in seven years of largely isolated resistance, the ill-equipped and undernourished armies of China have ceased seriously to oppose a Japanese offensive. Chinese morale has never been so high as it was when China indeed fought alone, while the British and Americans were still supplying Japan with the munitions of war. The most telling blows at Chinese morale were the American disaster at Pearl Harbour and the British defeat at Singapore.

The prospect of being joined by two great Western Allies had sounded to the hard-pressed Chinese like the promise of salvation. In the event, the results were a tighter Japanese hold and the loss of the Burma road which was the symbol of their unity with Britain. Since then events inside China have told increasingly against that embryonic Chinese democracy and new-found Chinese unity which the friends of China in the West have so rightly, if sometimes too optimistically, acclaimed. Famine has stalked through China, the old evils of hoarding and corruption have not been effectively scotched by Chungking, while in recent months inflation has soared until prices are often 200 times what they were twelve months ago. Those who organise relief for China—their work has been of immense value both materially and as an earnest of our good will—have long complained that the pound sterling has been worth in Chungking no more than threepence. This exchange absurdity has now been rectified and special efforts have been made to ensure that the money that is sent is actually used to provide medical supplies and other means of relief which China most needs. Rumours, many of them unfounded, seep from Chungking across the seas to Washington and London. But rumours apart, we have to face the ugly fact that the transport system in China is strained to desperation, and that the currency has broken down; that the army is no longer able to put up an effective resistance, and that, for the first time, the advance of Japan is menacing enough to put the Chungking Government itself in jeopardy.

The Generalissimo has so dominated the Chinese scene that in this country it is only the close student of Chinese affairs who is even conscious that Chiang Kai-shek controls a mixed and not very liberal Cabinet. H. H. Kung, the Generalissimo's brother-in-law, represents banking interests and is not always in agreement with other business men in the Government. General Ho Ying-chin, the War Minister, had the advantage of German military advisers and has never been thought a friend of democracies; the two Chen brothers, with a powerful secret police at their beck and call, exercise an important influence over the intellectual life of China and control its Universities. Outside the Cabinet, T. V. Soong, brother of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, and ablest of the Soong family, is now resident in Chungking. He is no longer able to voice his liberal views which in matters of finance and foreign policy did so much to reassure the Western World. Mme Sun Yat-sen is aloof from Chungking and to the outside world almost silent. Sun-Fo, Sun Yat-sen's son, and a group of liberals of whom in this country we but recall Quo Tai-chi, so long and so successfully ambassador in London, and Wang Shih-chieh, who recently headed the good will mission to this country, are other figures who represent the best traditions of China, but whose influence to-day appears to be individual rather than political.

It is not yet clear how Chiang Kai-shek, who is the centre and bulwark of Chinese resistance, will strengthen his government in face of the growing Japanese danger and the breakdown of morale which is the natural result of defeat and inflation, and administrative inefficiency. No prophecy is possible; in China prophecy is peculiarly rash because situations that seem intolerable can remain unchanged for years together, and crises that are declared to be urgent are prolonged until they have become established customs. All we can do is to note certain significant facts. The facts to which we allude point to the necessity of new developments in the relations between Chungking and the Communist armies in North China.

The fame of the original 8th Route Army which marched from South to North China is still remembered. To-day the so-called Communists occupy a large territory of Northern China, cut off from the rest of China by mountains, deserts, and by half a million of the best of Chungking's

troops. We have heard little of these Border regions now for the last three years, but in face of pressure the censorship of Chungking and the barriers against visits to the Border regions have recently broken down. A number of American, British and Chinese journalists have succeeded in penetrating into Yenan and some of their reports have been published in the *New York Times*. They show that Raymond Gram Swing was right in describing Chinese Communists as "agrarian radicals trying to establish democratic practices." The reports agree that these barren areas, from which men can with difficulty scratch a living, are well, and, above all, honestly, administered. Land reform has rid the peasant of the mountain of debt that is his traditional affliction; the army is well-disciplined, and equipped partly with arms taken from the Japanese in guerrilla fighting and partly with weapons of local make. They describe the leaders of this army of some 400,000 soldiers as reasonable men, above all impatient to defeat the common enemy, and therefore desirous of reaching an accommodation with the Generalissimo, the necessity for whose leadership they fully recognise.

The Kuomintang is afraid of the Communists, and its fears are nourished by the bankers and business class; by the old-established bureaucrats who hate change; by all who are corrupt; and also by young Chinese nationalists who are suspicious of Moscow and who favour Fascist rather than democratic lines of national regeneration. The points in dispute between the Kuomintang and the Communists turn on the size and existence of the Communist army and the right of the Communists to organise as an independent political party in the future, if their army were to be merged with that of the Kuomintang. But these and other points of difference are merely various ways of formulating a deep division of social outlook.

Efforts have recently been made to bridge the gulf. The military and economic situation is too serious for Chiang Kai-shek to neglect this waste of Chinese resources and this possible means of strengthening his position. Dr. Wang Shih-chieh attempted mediation with the Communist armies, and though no results have been announced, the gesture was significant. Equally important was the publication in the *Ta Kung Pao*, Chungking's most responsible and independent paper, of a very full report of the Border regions from one of its most experienced reporters. The report makes remarkable reading when translated in this country; it must seem far more striking to the citizen of Chungking when he reads of part of China, cut off from the capital, which has a large army anxious to fight the Japanese and an organisation that is by all accounts honest, democratic and reasonably efficient. The deduction is obvious, and if Chiang Kai-shek wishes to revive the morale of the Chinese populace, it seems difficult to escape the conclusion that it is to the so-called Communists that he will have to look. Any such move would, of course, be resisted to the utmost by the reactionary forces that surround the Generalissimo. It is probably the supreme test of his statesmanship; for he will have to turn a deaf ear to insidious voices urging him to seek allies rather in Nanking than in the Border Regions, and if he does look for a Communist alliance, he will certainly have to overcome the bitter opposition of the Chen brothers, who control the Kuomintang machine.

Chiang, however, has one especial reason for seeking this alliance on his Left. The Kuomintang armies are not fighting, and the Japanese are advancing. The Americans are well aware that to defeat Japan in any calculable period, Chinese co-operation is essential. How far they will be from victory if they occupy Tokio, only to find they have left the Japanese conquerors of an exhausted and listless China. No wonder that the Americans are sponsoring the powerful radio transmitter in Yenan, the capital of Communist China; no wonder they sent an air mission into the Communist Area and urge the absurdity of a situation in which one Chinese army acts as policeman to prevent another Chinese partisan army from fighting against the Japanese. The situation, on a vaster scale, is closely parallel with that which has become familiar in more than one country in South-East Europe. Neither the British nor the Americans want to collaborate with popular guerrilla forces, but if they fight the enemy we are fighting and the established government does not, what is the alternative?

BRITAIN, RICH OR POOR?

II.—The Need for Planning

We made last week the point that the answer to the question "Shall we be rich or poor when this war is over?" can be made only in relation to the policies which, as a nation among other nations, we decide to pursue. After a transitional period of unavoidable scarcities, we can be rich, if we decide to be rich and adjust our economic and social policies to making ourselves rich in the ways that are open to us. But unless we do so adjust our policies, the war will leave us not richer but poorer in the long as well as in the short run.

It is a very pertinent consideration that this country of ours has been geared hitherto to policies which have assumed both a very unequal distribution of incomes and a great dependence on overseas trade and investment. Reliance has been placed for the accumulation of capital mainly on the "savings" of rich persons or corporations, and the investment of a large part of these savings abroad has provided both current markets for British industrial products and, through the returns accruing on past investments, the means of paying for a substantial fraction of necessary imports. True, these conditions have worked very imperfectly ever since the last war. The rich have saved less and less, and corporations have been less and less ready to apply their savings to industrial development. The flow of investment overseas has gradually dried up; and even before 1939 we were beginning to liquidate some of our foreign holdings in order to settle our current accounts. But the theory remained, even though it no longer squared with the facts; and to the extent to which we had an economic policy it was still based mainly on a desire to get back to the old conditions of British economic greatness. The resort to Protection in 1931 and the following years, first for industry and then for agriculture as well, was no doubt fundamentally a denial of the old policies; but it was not generally recognised how far it had carried us away from the traditional position of Great Britain in the world. It was indeed widely regarded as merely a temporary aberration due to passing disorders in world economic affairs.

To-day, no one is planning to go back to the old conditions, however greatly many people may hanker after them. Such a return is clearly out of the question, in face of the loss both of our old "buffer stocks" of overseas holdings and of our financial leadership and our superiority as a manufacturing country. It is obvious that Great Britain will never again be the main source of capital for countries wishing to borrow; and it is hardly less obvious that, whatever our success in rebuilding our export trade, we shall never again be the world's leading exporters or hold the lead over other countries as producers to anything like the same extent as in the past. We have to adjust ourselves to a world importance, economic as well as politically, less out of proportion to our numbers than was our importance up to 1914; and we have to find ways of prospering that do not depend on a world position which we have irretrievably lost.

The question of agriculture is crucial in this connection. In the past we could afford to l our agriculture go hang, except for certa specialist products, because we had no difficult in paying for all the imports we cared to bu and could actually buy most of our foodstuf more cheaply abroad than we could grow the at home. Some people still talk as if th remained true by some supposed law of the inte national division of labour; but the plain fact that a country, unless it borrows from abroad, c afford to import only what it can get the forei exchange to pay for by selling exports, includin "invisible exports" such as shipping service Even if further imports would be cheaper th home produce at the existing rate of exchang they would not necessarily remain cheaper if t buying of them caused the rate of exchange move sharply against us, or involved our runnin further into international debt. That is one goo reason why we cannot contemplate raising o nutritional standards, as we want to raise the by increasing our imports of food. If we did s the problem of providing exports to pay for the increased imports would be quite insoluble Accordingly, we must grow more food at home and the only real questions are: "How muc more?" and "What sorts?"

Of course, this does not mean that it is u important at what cost these additional foodstuf are produced. On the contrary, the mor cheaply we can produce them in terms of labou and other real costs, the higher standards of livin shall we be able to enjoy. We must produc more food, and we want to devote to doing s the smallest possible fraction of our productiv resources, in order to have as much as possibl to spare for other uses.

This way of regarding the matter assumes th we shall elect to follow a policy of "full employ ment." If there is a surplus of labour all roun it matters little if some of it is wastefully use but as soon as we set out to use all our labour becomes plain that the more economically we u it the higher our standards of living will be.

Even if we produce more food, we shall st need to import a great deal; and it will be desi able that we should do so, because it would b a thoroughly "bad neighbour" policy suddenly deprive the agricultural countries of their accus tomed markets—and one that would react heavil on our own exporting trades. Apart from food we shall need large imports of industrial materials even if the growth of synthetic products doe something to modify the shortcomings of ou national resources, and to reduce in general th importance of raw natural products in the make up of world trade. Our little island is unlikely to be able to sustain its position as a great indus trial producer, under any circumstances, without large imports of materials—which will, of course need to be larger in proportion as export trad is on a big scale.

It will not be easy at best to pay with export for all the imports that we shall need in orde to achieve a satisfactory standard of life. If, how ever, there remain in existence large inequalitie of income, and if importers are allowed, in pursu of profit, to bring in whatever they think the can sell at a good price, the difficulty of payin for imports with exports will be very muc increased. In order, therefore, to make sure o getting the imports which are really needed fo securing the standard of life, we shall have to b prepared to restrict imports which are not needed for this purpose—or, in other words, to substitute in our import policy a criterion of social nee for one of "effective demand." The "free con sumers' choice", lauded by so many economists— that choice which means so much to the rich an so little to the poor—will be plainly inconsisten with the basic requirements of a policy of socia welfare. If this inconsistency arises in relation to overseas trade, on account of shortage of mean of payment, will it not arise equally in home pro duction, on account of the limited total supply o resources at our command? We shall have t choose between planning for popular welfare and in the name of "free enterprise," giving pride o

ce to the more "effective" demand of the well-do; and the choice will be at the same time hoice between riches and poverty for the nation a whole.

All this shows how unrealistic it is to pose the estion of post-war riches and poverty in abso-e terms. A country which is at once poor in ural resources and deficient in productive ll cannot make itself wealthy at will: a country ich is rich in both can impoverish itself by licies which fail to take advantage of its riches. eat Britain as a country is rich in soil, in coal posits, and not in much else that is the gift of ture; but we are very rich in the skill and ver-ility of our people. Our prospects depend on use we make of such advantages as we possess. ese do not hold out to us the hope of being as h as the Americans could be if they managed ir collective affairs aright, or as the Russians ve every hope of being in the long run. But o cares whether we are richer or poorer than Americans or the Russians if only we are h enough to allow our people social security d comfort? Rich enough for this we should ily be able to be, provided that we con-tently direct to this end the use of our ources and frame our international trading licy in the light of this need. We are, however, placed that we can achieve this end only by iberate planning, on lines which are bound involve large changes in industrial as well as ricultural structure, and in the control of foreign de and international monetary exchange.

Here lies the danger which has to be guarded inst in the negotiations about post-war policy ich began at Bretten Woods and are being con-ued in other American resorts, largely at the tance of the United States. The Americans, h their vast natural resources and industrial uipment, their certainty of being able to pay thout difficulty for more than all the imports yone is likely to bring in, their huge piles of d and their now unchallengeable leadership in rld finance, can safely preach the virtues of ely exchangeable currencies, indiscriminating eign trade, and free enterprise generally. We, wever, have no margin to spare. This is not say that the Americans have no economic prob-ns to worry them. They have one great oblem—that of employment. But this is for m in the main a domestic rather than an inter-ional problem; and it has little effect on their look on world economic affairs. We, on the er hand, have to think a great deal about our ospective ability to meet our international nomic obligations; and we cannot afford to tie r hands by agreements about either monetary commercial policy that may add to our inevit-le difficulties in this respect. Planning of our airs is therefore forced upon us, as it is not on the United States; and our prospects of hes or poverty depend primarily on our success planning rightly both the use of our home ources and the make-up of our import and port trade. For, as we dare not reckon on ng able to increase our imports, we must both n to produce at home the *additional* goods ich we need for improving our standards of e and take steps to ensure that we import thing that we do not really need on solid, blic grounds, even if there are rich men ready pay for it in sterling, at the cost of forcing our netary authorities to convert their sterling for m into scarce foreign exchange.

WAR

(After the Greek anthology.)

When he was still too young to speak
  Or hold a wooden spade,
John Thomson floated in this creek
  The boats his father made.

Now he, a soldier, leaves his home
  To fight in foreign lands,
Remembering the tender foam
  Along the friendly sands.

FRANCES CORNFORD

A LONDON DIARY

MYSTERY surrounds the Russians' last-minute decision to take no part in the Chicago Conference on Civil Aviation. The enigma is not cleared up by the official explanation, that the Russian delegation (which had already reached Edmonton) could not sit round a table with representatives of the "hostile" Fascist regimes in the Iberian Peninsula. Of course they loathe Franco, but ideological dislike has not recently much affected U.S.S.R. policy, and Marshal Stalin, who has shown that he holds a spoon long enough politically to sup with the devil in Rome and Bucharest, is fully alive to the needs for commercial exchanges between Russia and the capitalist Big Powers. It may be that the Russians saw that the Americans were not in a bargaining mood and did not wish to take part in a useless wrangle. Moscow may think that Russian interests could best be promoted by bilateral negotiations with the U.S.A. at a later stage—when more Russian planes are available for transport. Meanwhile what the world needs is not national bargains, but World Airways.

* * *

I was glad to see that Lord Quickswood was among those who paid quite enthusiastic tribute to William Temple's qualities; the tribute was especially remarkable coming from so ardent a champion of all that is in England Established. Among other things he rightly stressed the Archbishop's entire lack of self-importance and his singular power of understanding what people were trying to say, even when they were woefully bad at saying it. For myself I treasure a remarkable correspondence with Temple on the mystic significance of the Coronation ceremony, but I have only known him personally since the outbreak of this war. I recall two occasions; on the first, three or four people, of whom he was one, discussed the possible outcome of this war, in days when victory was a matter of faith rather than of reason. The other was at Lambeth Palace, when the frugality of the fare—for Temple was really an ascetic—was only recalled afterwards because it was so well-savoured by Archiepiscopal wit.

* * *

Talk with friends during the last few days has unearthed many memories of him—in Oxford, reciting Robert Browning to undergraduates better than anyone has recited before or since; in Workers' Educational Association gatherings; in his now, alas, blitzed cure of souls at St. James's, Piccadilly; as much more than Bishop of Manchester, where he made a great success; at York, and last of all surveying the wreck of Lambeth Palace and buzzing about from business to business in his last years. He was perfectly at home in any environment and made everyone else feel the same. He had always the look and very often the manner of the boy who had never quite grown up; and he always seemed to be wanting something to happen, and never, like most great men, at all nervous of what it might be. When he got himself into hot water by telling some home-truths about the bankers, and was accused of travelling outside the Church's province and talking on subjects he did not understand, he gave as good as he got, but always with that high good humour that never deserted him, and was his most effective controversial weapon. His death just now is sheer calamity. There is no obvious successor—certainly none who can play the part he could have played in ranging the Church on the side of decency and practical idealism in international affairs. William Temple believed in himself—it was a school and college joke about him that he said he was going to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and meant it—but even more he believed in the common people, liked them, got on with them, and knew what they were thinking and feeling because he largely thought and felt like them himself.

Surely the *Daily Herald* was scarcely playing fair with its readers when it failed even to mention that the Communists held their annual Congress last week-end. Nearly all the other national papers gave it a fair report; A. J. Cummings, who reported it for the *News Chronicle*, seems to have got the same impression as a colleague who went to Shoreditch. Nobody, I'm told, could deny that the Communists are full of vitality and enthusiasm. Most of the delegates were young men and women. If any of the Labour leaders could have so far forgotten the bitterness of the past as to drop in to have a look at the Conference, I think they would have been astonished at the contrast between the Communist delegates—average age thirty-three—and the sea of grey heads at recent Labour Conferences. Another point emphasised to me is that the present "party line" seemed to be supported by the speakers, not because it was platform policy, but because practical experience made it seem the one sensible line. This is in strong contrast, I should say, with the inner misgivings inside the Communist ranks at the line before 1941. The same thing has happened all over the Continent; the Communists are all out for a radical, but not a revolutionary policy, and I think that this is no opportunist shift, as Transport House very naturally suspects, but is likely to be the line for a long time—at least as long as the Anglo-Russian alliance lasts. In Britain they no longer ask for affiliation, but for an electoral agreement in which all progressive parties meet in each constituency to pick the candidate most suitable for that area. Harry Pollitt, however, won loud applause for insisting that failing some electoral agreement, by which alone the Tory grip could be effectively broken, the C.P. would put up its own candidates and expected to win a larger Parliamentary representation. But they would only take this fighting attitude because Labour refused any agreement. He rejected, I should have thought unwisely, any suggestion that Communists would gain more power, as well as promote unity, by dissolving their separate organisation and going into the Labour Party as individuals.

* * *

All the papers published accounts of the unpleasant M. Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, who has now been sentenced to twenty years' solitary confinement. No one need waste sympathy on M. Lauzanne; the only comment I have to make is that solitary confinement always seems to me an unnecessary torture, literally worse than death. The *Daily Express* published on its front page on Tuesday a portrait of M. Lauzanne. It showed an old, haggard and unattractive face. On the same morning the *Daily Mail* also published a portrait of a sleek comfortable man, perhaps thirty years younger. Had the efficient *Daily Mail* no portrait in its files later than the last war? There is something symbolic in the suggestion that the editor of the *Matin* was the same kind of person many years before the Germans came to Paris. After the last war the Russians revealed that every paper in Paris except Jaurès' *l'Humanité* took bribes from the Tsarist Government. In between the two wars the habits of a venal press did not change. Some day we may know the price paid by the Japanese for Parisian support of their Manchurian adventure, and the sums paid by Mussolini before, during and after his little adventure in Abyssinia. Collaboration with the Germans did not put a great strain on the professional morality of quite a number of the Parisian journals.

* * *

Mr. Ryan, news-controller of the B.B.C., tells me that I was wrong in saying that E.A.M. and E.L.A.S. are never mentioned by B.B.C. announcers. He says that they are occasionally mentioned, but that a more general term for the Greek Resistance is often used because the initials are obscure to the public and the different groups hard to sort out. I am glad to hear that there is no official ban; it would certainly be very absurd now that a government of Greek unity has

been established. The fact is that E.A.M. has been the only active fighting movement in Greece—neither Zervas nor EKKA could be considered reliable or strong from the point of view of popular emancipation—and that they have won their way to recognition against every kind of opposition from Cairo, the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister.

* * *

On Wednesday lunch-time, the sight of banners bobbing about over a small procession took me across the Strand traffic to find the cause of the fuss. It was shop stewards from a group of factories in West London on their way from the House of Commons to Fleet Street where they were trying to draw attention to the proposal to close some of their works down in the immediate future. The war contracts had come to an end and the owners were proposing to revert to their peace time product. But two factories were to be stripped of machines and the workers discharged. Some of them would be on the dole next week. One of the redundant plants was to return to its pre-war derelict condition and the other was being turned into a Government store. The leader of the deputation told me that on a recent visit to the Board of Trade they had been assured that contracts on valuable post-war work would be given if the management obtained the sanction of the Ministry of Labour. Components for pre-fabricated houses and other urgent needs could be built quite easily if one of the works that is going to be closed were allowed to absorb the redundant labour and machinery. This is only one case among many of which I have personal knowledge. Unless the Government deals quickly with this problem of "redundancy," there will be thousands of unemployed this winter.

* * *

Looking up some nineteenth-century ditties in the British Museum, a friend came across a song called *The Bold Militiamen*, which she has passed on to me with the suggestion that it might very well serve as an epitaph on the Home Guard. The first verse runs :

> Cheer up my soldier lads, Huzza !
> All in the merry month of May,
> Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
> Shoulder the musket, fire the gun ;
> Up your trousers gently hitch,
> To guard the Queen and the Tower Ditch.
> Stand in upright position then
> You Tower Hamlets militia men.

Then between the verses there are short prose passages like the following :

> Stand at ease—attention rear rank—close order—polish your buttons—prime—load—shoot—bang—fire. Now all you gallant soldiers who came without your breakfast this morning stand out and Corporal Cockall will give you something to warm your rumtum tiddy iddy upright stand.

or

> Sergeant Powderem. Hallo, Sir. Just look at your gallant men of the Royal Tower Hamlets Light Fencibles, see there are no chilblains on their toes, and let your company understand that should they draw, offer to draw, strike, dare to strike or insult any N.C.O. or private or he receives nine dozen on his rumtum tiddy iddy upright stand.

Which seems to show that soldiers don't change much in a hundred years.

* * *

Latest crack from America : Hitler has just shaved off his moustache, in case he should be mistaken for Thomas Dewey. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5 - prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. Jarman.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

In pre-war days dolls' heads were made almost exclusively in Germany, and the absence of these supplies has caused British manufacturers to develop the industry in this country.

The manager of one store expressed the view that, apart from the benefit of the work which the demand provided, this was all to the good because the faces of the dolls were getting more and more typically British instead of Continental.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

A man was fined £10 at Birmingham to-day for hitting a widow on the head with a pint bottle and lacerating her skull.

She was, he said, madly in love with him and followed him wherever he went.

And the widow paid the fine, saying he had "always behaved as a gentleman towards her."—*Evening News.*

Two fire watchers on the premises were awakened and told that the upper story of the building in which they had been sleeping was ablaze.—*Southend Standard.*

Lord Teviot said Hitler preferred guns to butter. "Are we going to prefer social security to butter ?" That is the sort of question we have to answer.—*News Chronicle* report of House of Lords debate.

Would it not be a grand thing if Mr. Morrison and others of the same mind got together and founded a business, preferably a manufacturing business, and proved that they are capable of producing something worth controlling ?—*Daily Telegraph.*

My husband and I used to quarrel. Now we don't speak—never a word to each other, and we get on all right and find life comfortable.—*Daily Mail.*

SWEDEN'S CHOICE

WITH the war, as Mr. Churchill put it, in its last lap, two major events have transformed the scene in the North of Europe. One, at the end of September, was a double move by Sweden : by a single stroke in the Baltic, Sweden virtually broke off commercial relations with Germany, and at the same time narrowed the southern escape route for the Germans in Finland into a Russian gauntlet. The expedient was to forbid foreign, in practice German, ships the use of Swedish Baltic territorial waters, the protection of which even troopships (unarmed) had been allowed by international law. The other event, at the end of October, was a move by Russia : Russian troops crossed into Norway, driving the Germans in Northern Finland before them.

The Swedish move, timed when the Russian fleet from Kronstadt was sailing into its first Baltic base at Baltiski, brought Sweden, now a relatively and intrinsically strong naval and military power, to the edge of her neutrality. As a commercial move it was to the disadvantage of both Sweden and Germany, but to the greater disadvantage of Germany, which had come again, as at the beginning of the war, to depend upon Sweden for iron ore. (Notice of a reduction in working hours was given to miners in the Lapland ironfields, although in practice a proportion of them may be called up for military service. Sweden lost her coal imports from Germany, to fall back upon a certain accumulated stock. Shortly afterwards Sweden stopped her exports of ball bearings to Germany.) As a diplomatic move it was practically in the field of strategy. Hitler has not countered it. He knows that if he did so he would drive Sweden into choosing between stalemating him and checkmating him, which could mean war.

It would seem that Rendulic, the German Lapland commander, is trying to withdraw his divisions to Narvik, which for some time the Nazis have been fortifying. His retreat will be slow and arduous, along gravel roads which trucks tear up. "General Winter" is in pursuit. Provisions may run out. The staple food local is reindeer. The Lapps, slow to understa politics but quick to anger, have defied the Naz by refusing to slaughter their reindeer for hi prices. They are bothered little by the "forei idea" of frontiers, but they know that if th slaughter the reindeer the price of reindeer w go up, and then they will not be able to buy a reindeer, so why not drive them into Sweden The elegant beasts are sensitive, anyway, a speed from the sound of battle.

A Finnish newspaper, *Helsingin Sanomat*, joi the Swedish press in pointing out the dangers a Nazi retreat through Northern Norway. "Th Germans may devastate Norwegian towns a villages as they have devastated our own." hints at two possibilities for saving Northe Norway (the only part of Europe which has new known warfare throughout history)—an Allie landing at Narvik, and Swedish intervention. thinks the former is unlikely this year, and th latter is unlikely altogether "in view of Sweden policy of neutrality."

Community feeling between Finns and No wegians has hitherto not been strong. Among th claims of the nationalist Lappo movement Finland had been a part of Northern No way. Whether or not there is now an element sail-trimming in Finnish solicitude, it is consiste with what appears to be a genuine change attitude towards Russia. Finland found hersel at first friendless in defeat, particularly in Swede where sympathy with Russia has increase enormously in the last one or two years, an may be increased still more should a romanti interpretation be put upon the Russian liberatio of Norway. For centuries, until the Finns we given Petsamo in 1920, Norway, unlike Swede had had a frontier with Russia. Norway had h frontier disputes with Sweden, and more serio ones with Finland, but never with Russia. The is even a small Russian coastal community call Boris Gleb, with its Orthodox church, just on th Norwegian side of the frontier river Jakobse Fear of Russia, traditional among Swedes, h always been strange to Northern Norwegian Along the coast, Slav and Nord have alway liked each other rather well.

Trade follows the flag, and merchants are n much good unless they are sentimental. Swede and Russia have become industrial since the da of Charles XII and Peter the Great (who portrait looks forbidding enough in Swedis history books but whom, as the "first Bolshevik, the Russian film industry has now jollied up f the Swedish filmgoer into quite an intoxicatin and for Lutherans un-Orthodox character There is Russian oil for the pouring on th troubled waters. The Russo-Swedish prospect sweetened by the vision of Swedes and Russian rolling along together on Swedish ball bearing There is planning already for the diversion fro Germany to Russia of much Swedish expor trade. At the present moment Finnish bottom are being loaded with materials for Russia Stockholm ports.

But there is indirect evidence how, up t September last, a more spontaneous feelin towards modern Russia had developed in Swede At a general election for the Lower House, th Communists increased their representation five fold, from 1½ per cent. of the House to 6½ per cen The Communist Party is still a small party. Mo remarkable were the results of a Gallup po during September on the question of admittin "a large number of Finnish refugees" in Sweden, the first evidence of its kind ho sides were taken as between Russia and Finlan To the direct question "Would you favo admitting them ?" only 56 per cent. of vote replied "Yes," 20 per cent. "did not know and 24 per cent. were against. Traditional Sweden is a sanctuary for political refugees of kinds, a factor which must have influenced ma of the 56 per cent. Subsequently the refuge came. One of them at least, Anthoni, the form police chief of Helsinki, has been returned Finland as a "war-criminal," of whom the Fin

themselves have now arrested a number. Other Finns have been expelled for pro-Nazi feelings.

To the growth of that anti-Finnish, and implicitly pro-Russian feeling in Sweden, the Finns must have been sensitive. But there is no doubt that Swedish feeling will be modified, as regards Finland, by the most satisfactory way in which, according to the Russians, the Finns are carrying out the armistice conditions. Reports also reach Stockholm of what would seem to be an almost exemplary behaviour in Finland on the part of the Russians, who have hitherto been known in the Western world (including the Northern) more for their humour than for their austerity.

The Russians, as liberators of Norway, and probably of Finland, have taken a leaf out of the Swedish book. The average Swede so far has regarded Swedish neutrality as a stage in the resilient collective defence of "Northern" neutrality. It was the special policy of Dr. Guenther, the Foreign Minister, to include Finland in the ambit of "the North." But now that Finland is "off Swedish hands," with a reasonable armistice (though there is hope that the Russians will not insist upon the fifty years' lease of Porkkala), an increasing agitation has developed against Dr. Guenther for the rest of his policy, "international" as well as "Northern," seen mainly in retrospect. The main foreign concern during the war of practically every Swede has been the welfare of the Danes and the Norwegians, sister-Scandinavian peoples. Memories of the earlier "Swedish gambit" of concessions to Germany has been revived.

Dr. Guenther's diplomatic victory over the Baltic waters was almost too resounding, say his critics, for the volume of public approval with which it was greeted included more than a suspicion of ironical applause, which has not died down. Was it just an omission, on account of its being election year in America, that Dr. Guenther had sought to conceal from the public that Mr. Cordell Hull had brought pressure upon him to make that very move? "Dr. Guenther yields," wrote *Handelstidningen*, the big Gothenburg Liberal organ. "He shows his genius. First it was to the Germans, now it is to the Allies. He at least, if not the Government, could have resigned. Instead he sought to turn his coat in public, unobserved." It has for long been recognised, in all Swedish quarters, that Dr. Guenther would be shaking off the dust of office at some time connected with the end of the war. Much quoted in Sweden during the war has been the Irishman's question: "'Tis true we're neutral, but whom are we neutral against?" Many Swedes are now asking: "Whom are we neutral for?"

The events in Norway, apart from exciting a crisis of pro-Norwegian feeling in Sweden, may bring frontier incidents, the least serious of which would be the surrender to Swedes of hungry German troops. Others could be driven up against the frontier. On the Swedish side, about seven thousand Norwegians, refugees from Quisling, have had a "police training." Its purpose, officially, has been for the administration of liberated regions. The Norwegian Foreign Minister, Hr. Lie, who has flown to Stockholm, with the Minister of Justice, is undoubtedly, among other subjects, discussing its immediate function. The Swedish Army itself, with its two-thirds of a million effectives, is now very well equipped, and is a winter army *par excellence*.

These are the chief factors which bring Sweden now, psychologically as well as politically, to the brink of intervention. But not all of Dr. Guenther's critics think that, at the present stage of the war, Sweden should intervene. To have gone so far in the way of concessions in order to maintain neutrality, then suddenly to strike at the Nazi beast in its dying agony, would be to injure Swedish prestige. On the other hand there are those, among them some who have hitherto been Dr. Guenther's supporters, who hold that intervention, in certain conditions, could now become the logical continuation of Sweden's "Nordic" policy, neutrality itself having lost so much of its meaning. Swedish newspapers point out that in Denmark, too, as well as in Norway, the worst sufferings may be yet to come. And as for the doom of the Nazis, who is to say when it will be or even where? Than the mountains of Norway, what setting could more befit a sickly-heroic *Götterdämmerung*?

ERIC DANCY

MEN AGAINST THE SKY

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

As you hike along a Highland road, you will perhaps see a small notice-board which tells you that the hill above you is a State Forest. If you look at the hill you may see, several hundred feet up, a row of tiny figures working on bare heather slopes at tasks that seem little connected with timber. These are forestry workers, a few perhaps of the men who, in the next generation, will create 5,000,000 acres of growing timber.

Not many people know anything of the forestry worker; most think of him with an axe, felling hundred-foot high soft-woods, a heroic, muscled figure; but none realise just how unspectacular, how dull and also how heavy his job can be. This ignorance is understandable. Forestry work is not dangerous like mining or deep-sea fishing; nor glamorous like farming; and, for the ordinary labourer (though a forester needs considerable botanical and silicultural knowledge), not highly skilled like so many industrial jobs. Further, there are not many forestry workers. They live in remote parts; they are seldom politically organised and scarcely ever politically conscious, and they are among the lowest-paid workers in the country—all facts which lead to their being an unknown social group.

In four and a half years, I have heard many tales of the Bad Old Days. You earned 38s. a week; in wet weather you might be sent home and receive nothing for that day; you might be digging a drain at the foot of a hill or building a fence at the top, but in both cases you had to be on the job at 7.30 a.m. A hundred yards from where I write, a hill rises steeply. A deer-fence runs over a shoulder at about 1,600ft., or 1,200ft. above the road at the bottom of the hill. The men who built that fence cycled anything up to five miles and climbed 1,200ft. to start work by 7.30 a.m. If a foreman bullied you and you spoke a shade too boldly in your defence, it was "down the road" with you and NO notice either. While you were actually working, the foreman or ganger stood at your back, and as our present foreman, speaking of his own days in the squad, put it: "If ye did hae get the skiff o' your bunnet turned in the morning you couldnae turn it till piece-time!"

A Forester was a petty baron with considerable power against which there was little redress; even a moderate, self-controlled forester was impelled into minor tyrannies by pressure from above. His acres must be planted, next year's area drained, last year's planting cleared of bracken, and if a man lagged or gave trouble, out with him, pity though it was. A friend of mine was told to take piecework draining in a glen seven miles from his home. For cutting the sides of a drain, and lifting out the slices of earth between the cuts, spreading these "mounds," as they are called, 5ft. 6in. apart over the space between one drain and the next, and tidying off the bottom of the drain, he received 2s. 2d. for each 22 yards so done. It was November, he had a seven-mile journey in the dark morning, then heavy, slogging work at this meagre rate till the early dusk forced him to start off home again. He refused, and was handed his books. Ten days he held out, then, because of his wife and children, gave in and took the piecework. This spirit is typical. Of course, I have heard of a forester in the next glen to ours here who has left a reputation little short of saintly, but most of the tales I have heard are of nagging foremen, autocratic foresters, wretched conditions and low wages. Nor was it much compensation to get a holding—a farmhouse, outbuildings and a dozen acres—it might be for £12 a year. A holder was guaranteed 150 days' work a year with the Commission. He usually got more; indeed, was employed all the year round except when he chose to stay off for his harvest; but a croft means more hard work, and rewards you chiefly in kind, winter feeding for a few cows, potatoes and green vegetables. True, a forestry house costs only a few shillings a week, but not many workers lived in forestry houses; nor is forestry an outstandingly healthy job. Exposure, soakings, years of too many white bread "pieces," and heavy work may not kill a man, but they will do him no good. Taken as a whole, in pre-war days forestry work under the Government was nasty, brutish—and long.

To-day the scene is altered. The worker gets his guaranteed agricultural national minimum wage of £3 5s.; he is not chargeable with absenteeism, since he is classed with the agricultural labourer whose work is casual and seasonal to some extent. He cannot be sacked unless the Forestry Commission can charge him with some serious offence and convince the National Service Officer of the rightness of their charge. Should he be dismissed, he has the right of appeal. He often gets walking-time from the roadside up the hill and down the hill to the road again at 5 o'clock. He has for some years been paid for time spent in shelter from wet weather. Foremen and foresters are puzzled; they shout and threaten, but discover that the Government has impounded their best weapon—the power of dismissal. The worker, his old ways deeply ingrained in him, takes little advantage of the fact. Life to-day is better in the forests, but life is lower here than in most jobs in Britain.

What is to be done? The problem is part of the larger, rural problem. There is a move to put State forests under the Ministry—in Scotland the Department—of Agriculture. By having his interests and fate tied to those of the farm hand the forestry worker will be protected from his past misfortune, that of being left "out on a limb." He will be linked to a better organised industrial group, and if—I repeat, if—farming gets the treatment it is promised, the forestry worker may benefit, as at the present moment he benefits with regard to the agricultural national minimum wage.

But there are other matters. The old Highland life of ceilidhs (social and musical gatherings) and dancing and home-organised entertainment is being attacked by modern machine produced culture. Penetrations have taken place, cultural positions lost and a general retreat is in progress. In our glen just above the Highland line, it is possible to go to a cinema in a lowland town for an evening. True, we still, when we can find a band, dance The Triumph, the Queen's Welcome, The Flowers o' Edinburgh, and the rest, but we do not cohere as a glen community might. Of course, there are men away, but the spirit is lacking. The Forestry Commission report envisages 3,000 houses between now and doomsday. Let these be grouped round a church and a hall for dances, concerts and games; let there be a "football pitch and a tennis court"; let there be travelling film units to entertain the folk in their village hall, and you have the mould for the spirit of the small community.

I shan't try to put one factor above another. We must have a better material standard of living or the genial warmth of community life will never start to flow. We must have bosses who regard men as responsible human beings and who are not themselves oppressed from above. We must have men who see country life as more than brute labour and the local hotel bar in the evening. And we must have the social organisation to canalise any new spirit. They are as interdependent as clasped fingers. But where do we start?

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

FAMILY TRADITION

To say that our family was patriarchal is putting it very mildly indeed. Grandfather ruled us with a rod of iron. And we took some ruling, for a greater hotch-potch of humanity never graced (or disgraced) a family tree. Great-grandfather had married a Russian, and introduced "bortsch" into the culinary pedigree, thereby beginning the kitchen history that was largely responsible for the family eugenics for generations to come.

Every night of great-grandmother's life she served "bortsch" for dinner, so that when grandfather was twenty-one, unable to stand it any longer, he married a Frenchwoman, in order, so he said, that he might have a different soup. Undaunted by the loss of her son, however, great-grandmother ate or drank (absorbed, great-grandfather said) her "bortsch" every night for 50 years, stirring cream into it at table as though she were performing a religious rite. She died without having left the recipe for future generations, and great-grandfather said, "Thank God for that."

Grandfather's hopes of soup, however, were doomed to frustration. *Hors d'œuvre* made their appearance, little finnicky dishes of savoury kickshaws smothered in oily sauces of various flavours. At first grandfather rejoiced. These things whetted his appetite.

But twenty-five years of egg-mayonnaise, olives, smoked herring, "pimento" and potato salad, however, began to pall. He became fretful, peevish, and when he threw a fork across the table one night, narrowly missing grandmother's chin, we realised something must be done, for he was now completely out of control, and nobody knew what might happen if he had to face *hors d'œuvre* much longer.

What we lacked as a family was imagination, he said; we were too conservative. Consider Sylvia, now. Every Sunday for twenty years he had lunched with his sister-in-law, and every Sunday for twenty years she had given him roast beef, potatoes and cabbage, with plum pudding in the winter, and fruit tart in the summer. Something had to be done.

By this time his eldest son (my father) was of marriageable age, so he took him aside one day.

"My boy," he said, "it can't go on any longer. Twenty-five years of *hors d'œuvre*, with roast beef and plum pudding, is enough to make a man commit murder. You've got to do something about it. For God's sake marry a foreigner, and introduce something new into the kitchen."

So father brought home an American wife, and there was a flutter of excitement in the household. Grandfather, in anticipation of his daughter-in-law's home-coming, stocked the kitchen with new contraptions, an electric waffling-iron (he had no idea what a waffle was), slabs of wood for "planked shad." He started a hot-bed and planted some pumpkin seeds, that he might have pumpkin pie in the autumn.

My mother fulfilled his highest hopes. She gave him soup which she called "corn bisque," clam chowder which she made with mussels, since the clams were unprocurable, a greater variety of salads than he had ever dreamed of. But her crowning confections were her mince pies. I'll never forget the blissful smile of his old eyes the first time one of her large mincemeat pies came to table. He asked her how she made it, and with her Southern drawl she said:

"Oh, you take a lump of beef and boil it to rags. Then pound it to shreds in a wooden bowl. Then you take a lot of sultanas, seedless raisins, currants, chopped apples, suet, and put them all together with the beef into the liquid with an equal amount of cider. Add some spices, orange and lemon peel grated, and simmer it until soft and the liquid absorbed. Then add some brandy and put it into a jar, and the longer you keep it the better it is."

"Have you written it down?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "It's a family tradition. Everybody knows it in the family . . . ."

"Write it down," he said.

The tragedy was, that though she promised to write these recipes for future generations, she never did, and when she died they died with her. And so we went back to *hors d'œuvre* and roast beef again.

There remained to Grandfather three sons and a daughter, and so his hopes rose as Dick approached marriageable age. On his twenty-first birthday he gave him a generous letter of credit and sent him off round the world, his parting advice being, "Bring back a decent cook."

Six months later we had a cable from Dick. "Plum-Blossom and I married to-day. Home in three months if you give us your blessing." At first Grandfather didn't take it in. Then a look which can only be called "flabbergasted" came into his face. Dick had married a Chink or a Jap, and as Grandfather only thought in terms of food, that of course meant a diet of rice for the rest of his life. Good God! And he couldn't abide rice. But by now he had become philosophic, so he sent Dick his "blessing" which meant a cable draft for £200, and stoically awaited the bride's arrival.

The "Little Flower," as Grandfather called her, took kindly to our Biblical household. Grandfather could hardly allow a decent interval to elapse before he shoved her into the kitchen with injunctions to prepare a Chinese meal. All day he rubbed his hands and smacked his lips in anticipation, and when it came the first course was rice, the second was rice and fish, and the third course was rice and chicken, with little bowls of bitter tea.

I watched Grandfather closely as the food arrived, and though he appeared to enjoy the delicate little rice-cakes which ended the meal, I saw him look quizzically across the table at his Chinese daughter-in-law, and heard him mumble into his beard, "It wasn't worth it."

Then Uncle John came home from Southern Europe with a Spanish bride, and Grandfather's spirits mounted again. He had visions of "pollo con arroz" (not knowing that "arroz" was rice), "boccarones" those delectable little Mediterranean sardines fried in bunches of five, with their tails together, lying crisp and fan-wise on your plate.

Carmen was a real housewife and needed no invitation to dash into the kitchen to prepare a Spanish meal. "Thayer," she said with her delicious accent, presenting Grandfather with a carefully written menu of the dinner, "thoup." After that she had written, "Mussels con arroz, pimentos con arroz, pollo con arroz," and for the sweet, "arroz con canella."

In due course we sat down. "Thoup" was the peasant "cocida," a thin beige-coloured liquid with little globules of fat floating on top. A few strands of vermicelli and half a dozen large chick-peas, which she called "garbanthos" swam or sank according to their nature.

"Good, no es esse?" she asked, flashing her black eyes at him across the table. But Grandfather wasn't committing himself for fear that "thoup" might appear again. Course after course arrived, and was heaped on to his plate, and by the time the sweet appeared he knew for all time that "arroz" meant rice. But he forgave her the sweet, for after all it was delicious.

"You take your rice," she said in her slow, hesitating way, "and put it into a large pan with lots of milk, a stick of cinnamon, a stick of vanilla, a peel of lemon and sugar. When it is all cooked and creamy, you spread it on a large dish and cover it all over with 'dusty' cinnamon." But when at tea she dipped a long wobbly finger of rubbery sponge-cake, which she called bon cocho, into a cup of cocoa flavoured with cinnamon, he barred the kitchen to her for ever.

Grandfather now began to have qualms about the two remaining sons. Realising that rice was the staple food of the peoples of the Orient he sent a cable to Oliver, who was in a bank in Constantinople, to chuck his job and come home at once. But alas, he was too late, and Oliver cabled back that he'd come if Grandfather found him another job at home, for he now had a wife to support—a gorgeous Turkish girl, Guzel Khanoum, whom he longed to present to us.

A Turk-Pilaaf! Good God, that meant rice again. What kind of a family had he reared? He was damned if he'd let her into the kitchen. In due course Oliver and his wife arrived, and all went well until Grandfather's birthday, when Guzeda went into the kitchen to give him a surprise for a treat. With some trepidation I awaited the dinner, and looked with real interest upon the huge meat-platter piled high with great oblong purplish-brown blobs, each slit down one side.

"What's this?" asked Grandfather.

Guzeda, exploding with excitement, said, "They are Imam Baildi."

"And what's that?" said Grandfather, with his spoon and fork raised, ready to serve.

"Burst priests," she replied.

"WHAT?" he yelled.

"Oh yaas," she said, "don't you know? How the priest was very hungry and his wife gave him a dish of this kind and he ate so many that she scolded him, because it was so expensive to prepare? And when she told him how much his greed had cost him he fell back and burst?"

"I never heard the story," said Grandfather. He says it was the history of the dish that put him off from that moment, but I know it was because the "burst priests" turned out to be "aubergine" stuffed with RICE, that he never had them again.

After this episode the family cuisine lapsed back to *hors d'œuvre* and roast beef again. Grandfather lapsed too. He became moody and silent, and you'd find him wandering in the kitchen garden, staring at the vegetables, occasionally prodding a beetroot with the toe of his boot, perhaps, I thought, wishing for Great-grandmother's "bortsch" soup again.

He no longer speaks. I don't believe he has lost the power of speech, but as he looks upon his cosmopolitan family, and eats his *hors d'œuvre* and roast beef again, I think he just doesn't trust himself to speak, for fear his daughter who is still unmarried . . . .

LOLA FITZGERALD

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LEFEVRE AND LEICESTER

The Lefevre Gallery is showing pictures by two young Scottish painters who have already excited interest and hope. Closely allied in their style as well as in their usual choice of subject, Mr. Robert Colquhoun is the more powerful and Mr. Robert MacBryde the more tasteful. They both achieve remarkably harmonious colour from the use of a rather restricted and morose palette. The shapes forming their two-dimensional designs show a deliberate gawkiness, expressive perhaps of peasant life in the Hebrides but rather disconcerting, like the bagpipes, at any rate to the mere Sassenach. The influence of Wyndham Lewis is strong, and the later, more misanthropic Picasso has also proved useful. There is feeling in these works as well as delicate craftsmanship, but most of them follow a formula, and the critic may perhaps wish that the painters had drawn less upon other artists and more upon nature. The painter is free to render his own vision of the phenomena, however remote this may be from the spectator's experience, but it is now too usual for young painters to adopt the distortions or stylisations invented by others, instead of developing their own; and one may doubt whether this is the short cut to maturity that it may appear. The trouble is that the best contemporary painters, however genial, are none of them good to follow, because their vision is so idiosyncratic. And on the other hand, the young painter naturally finds the idiom of such contemporaries congenial and appropriate to his own purposes. The bare walls of the National Gallery deprive him, moreover, of what might be more fortunate sources of instruction. (Imagine a young poet unable to study the works of Shakespeare, Donne or Wordsworth!) It is to be expected that such serious artists as Messrs. Colquhoun and MacBryde, who have already found their own way in colour, will find it also in form. The most entirely successful works in this exhibition are Mr. Colquhoun's drawings to which he gives the quality of lithographs. Mr. Minton is also showing at the Lefevre, but his work has hardly developed to the point where it would be fair to judge it. At present it has a fashionable twist which is not encouraging.

Three artists are exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries. I believe I was one of the first to applaud Mr. Devas, and I wish I could continue to applaud. (It is the most vulgar of errors to suppose that critics would rather blame than praise.) He is very skilful, but his colour and texture have for long been deteriorating. More serious, this deterioration seems to reflect a sad lack of distinction in his imaginative approach. If only (one feels) he could for six months expose himself to the medicinal influence of the great masters of style, not only the Old Masters, but Milton and Baudelaire, Mozart and Debussy, perhaps he might yet escape from Borotia. But at present he seems to be heading straight for the Royal Academy. Mr. Michael Rothenstein is excellently served by eye and hand when he makes a sketch of something seen. But then he serves it up, forcing every note and taking tips from children's drawings. Look at the charming original sketch of a locomotive on a turntable and then at what he has fabricated from it. Natural good taste and accomplishment have been sacrificed to a delusive piquancy. Mr. Ethelbert White's landscapes incline to flap like washing on a line, but often he manages good colour. He is happiest in watercolour.

In my note last week on the New English Art Club's Exhibition I forgot to mention a group of paintings by Lucien Pissarro which commemorate an artist of uncommon merit and examplary thoroughness.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Miracle in the Gorbals," at Princes Theatre

First performance of the new Sadler's Wells ballet, all seats filled. Mr. Constant Lambert conducts an ominous prelude while we gaze at a drop-scene, very clean and functional, of the docks. Curtain rises. Into a howling slum, with a gin-shop on one corner and a tarts' tenement on the other, comes the Stranger with a power of raising the dead. He brings back to life a suicide girl, and they dance together; he walks through the milling mob; he follows the Prostitute; a gang of bullies waylays him and stabs him to death. In this attack a leading part has been played by the Official, a devilish person wearing a uniform that suggests a combination of curate and lift-boy. Rounds and rounds of applause, bouquets. Well, there we are, a melodrama that might daunt even Mr. Tod Slaughter. But instead of green lights and hissed voices, here are talents of all the arts: Mr. Helpmann's choreography, Mr. Arthur Bliss's music, Mr. Edward Burra's decor. The result is exciting: as melodrama. Miming and decor create an atmosphere, and the characters stand out vividly: especially Miss Pauline Clayden's drowned girl and Miss Celia Franca's tart. But isn't slap-up melodrama, however well mimed and put

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over, a waste of this company's talents for dancing? Mr. Helpmann would like, perhaps, to take a leaf from the Habima Players and the Ballets Joos; and *Miracle in the Gorbals* at least adds a garish new flavour to repertory. His own performance as the Stranger was striking; but as the Peruvian gentleman of *Façade*, later in the evening, he was more at ease and shone incomparably brighter.

* * *

It was incorrectly stated in these columns last week that the Haymarket Theatre season of repertory would close on November 25. No finishing date has yet been decided.

THE MOVIES

"Hail the Conquering Hero," at the Plaza
"La Kermesse Heroique," at the Academy

Having made my bet last week on Preston Sturges I prepared to watch him canter home; and he did, of course, if not by quite as many lengths as usual. *Hail the Conquering Hero* has a very funny story about a marine (Eddy Bracken) who has been discharged for hay fever; he daren't go back and break his mother's heart, so a bunch of marines with ribbons to spare lend him a uniform and sweep him on to the train. "Hay fever," over the telephone, has become, infectiously, "jungle fever"; and, at the other end, the station is packed, banners wave, bands bray, women weep, while the Mayor adds a finishing twirl to his address. This welcome almost blasts you out of your seat, and when the unwilling hero has to run for Mayor it is the rawest thing in civics since the Eatanswill Election. The hullaballoo and blare were such that the bearded gentleman sitting next to me, gave up trying to catch one word in ten, and finally fled. It was savage fun, to be sure, and the antics on the screen were designed to exasperate. *Hail the Conquering Hero* gives us a whiff of what the words "Presidential Election," that appear so calm in print, must represent at the moment in a thousand American towns. How far, I wonder, does Preston Sturges caricature, how far join in, the democratic roar? Obviously he has a huge appetite for it, as for family strife; and the agonised intensity of Mr. Bracken, as he is thumped on the back, pounded with love, buttered up with admiration, must excite the compassion of every non-hero in the audience. In the end, having suffered every gratitude, he makes a public confession—and is welcomed again, as the only honest man who ever mounted a platform. Humiliation is the theme of this as of every other Sturges film, and the more we guffaw the more we shall be secretly touched. Parts of *Hail the Conquering Hero* are surprisingly tender. I missed in this film the almost idyllic humour which made *Palm Beach Story* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* the true successors of Chaplin, but there are incomparable turns; mother-love, for example, is one of Hollywood's soft spots, so among Mr. Bracken's bodyguard there is a marine with a mother-complex who is always on the point of knocking him out, just to teach him manners.

By contrast, at the Academy, Feyder's leisurely and beautiful *La Kermesse Héroïque* brings back a vanished century and animates a whole school of painting. With its relish of livestock, feasting and venery it remains one of the few historical films that convey the past intimately. We are reminded too, with a wry twist to our enjoyment, that invasion once had its rosy side.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

O, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE!

O, for the wings, for the wings of a dove,
To fly to a lone destination,
When peace brings the era of brotherly love,
And the dogfights for peace aviation!
The Big Business racket, the plan to attack it,
Disrupt the united Allies:
Air traffic commercial becomes controversial
And Cormorants cover the skies.

When warplanes were pooled for strategical flights
Men hoped the arrangement was permanent,
But now private enterprise fights for its rights
To tie up and dole out the firmament.
Should traffic be rationed? Is trade-war old-fashioned?
Who may ply for the profits of peace?
Is it free competition or world-wide submission
To a force of aerial police?

As seafaring Powers once fought for their share
In command of the great ocean highways,
Now Powers contest territorial air,
And the battle's on foot for the skyways.
The place on the rota, the size of the quota
Are matters of careful research
If law must take over from the lawless air-rover
And issue permission to perch.

The Big Four who sang as a tuneful quartet
At all world-events they attended,
Have now been reduced to a straggling duet
With voices imperfectly blended.
The Civil Air Meeting with two plans competing,
Provoke acrimonious words
On co-operation for air mass-migration,
So easily managed by birds.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

EDUCATION IN THE R.A.F.

SIR,—It is a truism that an ill-informed and apathetic electorate is the happy hunting ground for the would-be dictator or the self-seeking political opportunist. One of the fortunate by-products of this war has been the emergence from a divided society of some sense of community, and a growing awareness among many who were previously apathetic that it is their duty to interest themselves in national affairs. In the Royal Air Force, discussion groups, News Rooms and News Room Clubs have been the chief agents of adult education in this general sense.

The News Room on a R.A.F. Station is both a source of information and a centre for intellectual and cultural activity. It is, as it were, the projection into a room of a good newspaper, and news is interpreted, as in the best newspapers, to include music, science and the arts besides current affairs. Topical events are given prominence in up-to-date maps, charts and pictures, and by the liberal provision of newspapers and periodicals. The technique of artist and advertiser are used in a series of wall "panels" of which the following are examples: "Parliament Corner," "Religion and Life," "Science and Technology," "The Arts." Appropriate literature, usually in pamphlet form, is associated with each "panel." Hansard, for example, takes pride of place in "Parliament Corner." Because environment is the first and most immediate educational influence, News Rooms have been made comfortable and attractive and are decorated with a regard for good taste.

Around the "News Room" has developed the News Room Club whose members help to maintain the room and act as a committee of management for its activities. Through a News Room which their own work has helped to create, through music circles, voluntary discussion groups, brains trusts, films, lectures and other activities which they have helped to organise, they not only increase their knowledge and awareness, but also develop the art of working together as a community with a standard of values in common.

A sense of community, civic knowledge and civic responsibility were sadly lacking in this country before the war. These qualities are vital for the citizens of a democracy, but they will not develop without a centre for their expression. Experience in the Service suggests that the News Room might well be accepted as the nucleus of the town and village community-centre. The News Room Club

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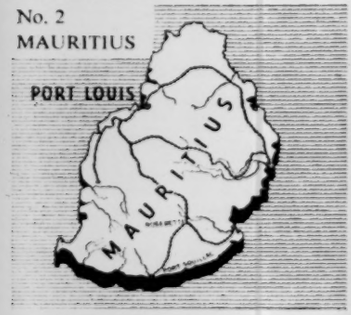

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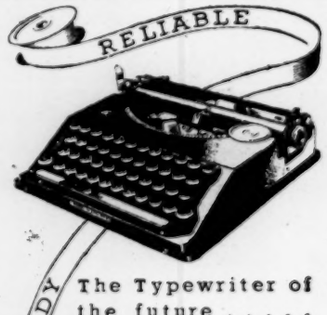

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could then become the local community in action, a practical training ground in democracy, exercising an educational influence in its widest sense. Nor need its activities be merely local or national. By correspondence and exchange of visits with foreign countries it could help to forge links between the ordinary people of this and other countries.

We shall not become an educated and active democracy by constantly repeating that everybody should vote. We shall have to do something to combat ignorance, apathy and individual isolation. Many have learnt in the Service to appreciate for the first time their duties as citizens. They have become accustomed to discuss public questions. They are now so used to a News Room that even a year ago one airman remarked that the R.A.F. Station he came from "had not *even* got a News Room." When the men and women in the Services return to civil life it will be tragic if their education as citizens ceases. A News Room in every town and village would provide the opportunity for its continuation and extension.

119 Piccadilly, London, W.1. H. K. THOROLD,
Air Vice-Marshal.

WORLD AIRWAYS

SIR,—May I be permitted as a doubly "hard faced business man" (chairman of both a shipping and an air line) to comment on your article *Sovereignty and Airways*.

I find myself in complete agreement with much that the article contains, but I join issue on the proposal for the internationalisation of air transport. I suggest that this idea, far from minimising international friction, would merely multiply the potential causes of disagreement. It is difficult enough to reconcile the divergence of view between nations on such broad issues as those now before the International Conference in Chicago. Surely there would be unimaginable difficulty in arriving at a working basis on the much more intricate and contentious problems that establishment and maintenance of an international body for the operation of universal air services would entail. The first stage alone, to decide upon the form and degree of representation of the various nationalities, would be sufficiently intractable. When it came to deciding who should manage the concern, how the personnel should be appointed, what aircraft should be utilised, precisely what routes should be flown, not to mention innumerable minor questions, reconciliation of national interests and aspirations would, in the judgment of a business man, be beyond the realms of practical politics.

You point to the case of Wagon-Lits, but this, of course, is a commercial concern. On the level of commerce and industry, internationalisation is by no means impossible so long as there is one predominant controlling interest. Here it is a question of individuality, not of nationality, and the criteria by which operational problems are judged are economic and not political.

Apart from the danger to international goodwill, I submit that the effect this internationalisation project would have on British interests is worthy of close examination. Obviously, it involves a sacrifice—a sacrifice compromising the welfare of British industrial and transport workers. For us the development of civil aviation is vital, and anything which impedes that development is going to prejudice the workers in aircraft factories and those splendid fellows in the R.A.F. who will be seeking an outlet for their energies and abilities in civil air transport. It must surely be recognised that our interest in this field, like that of the United States, is very different from the interest of smaller nations with no aircraft construction industry and little flying experience, who would, nevertheless, like to have their place in the sun, and would expect full, if not disproportionate, participation in any international operating concern.

Finally may I say that the business man is thoroughly aware in these days that his business can only thrive (that profits can only be made, if you prefer to put it that way) by providing service to the community on the best economic basis possible; costs of operation, including the margin of profit, have to be kept within limits permitting reasonably low charges for the service rendered. Any service run on national, and still more on international lines, may be equally, or more consciously inspired by the ideal of service to the community, but the incentive to economy can hardly be greater and is much more likely to be substantially less than is provided by the so-called profit motive.

J. W. BOOTH,
Chairman, British Latin-American Air Lines, Limited

14 Leadenhall Street,
London, E.C.3.

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH GERMANY?

SIR,—In last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Mr. A. J. T. Taylor's *mélange* of assertions, leading questions and omissions claims to establish that the Germans are different from and inferior to the British in their regard for freedom and international justice.

"Where," he declaims "was the German Gladstone?" To which, of course, it is equally legitimate to reply, "Where was the British Liebknecht?" He mentions the opposition in this country to the Crimean war, but carefully omits reference to the gallant and much more dangerous opposition by some German democrats to the Herero War. He asks, "How many Germans opposed Bismarck's campaign against the Poles," though he certainly could not prove that they were proportionately fewer than British opponents of the campaigns against the Maoris or the Matabeles (despite the High Commissioner's censure of the latter).

Mr. Taylor desires to convict the whole German people of Pan-Germanism. To do so he must ignore the Social Democratic votes against war credits down to 1914, the anti-war meeting in Berlin attended by more than 100,000 within hours of the outbreak of World War I, the work of Bebel, the strikes of 1916–17, etc. And his suggestion that the majority of anti-Nazi refugees in this country are opposed to the independence of the Eastern European peoples is, to the certain knowledge of those of us in regular contact with those refugee groups, definitely untrue.

But why does Mr. Taylor so carefully avoid the most obvious facts of all? If the German nation as a whole is rabidly Pan-German, why could Hitler never win a majority in any free election? Why had he to destroy freedom of speech and press? Why had he to crush out all political parties save his own and destroy the free trade unions? Why have the monster concentration camps been filled with *Germans* until the reputed total of their victims exceeds 2,000,000? Why, when the German armies were still victorious in 1942 had the Nazi terror to be redoubled *against the Germans*, so that it took 900,000 armed men of the Gestapo, S.P. and S.S., to hold down the German nation? Surely even anti-Nazi Pan-Germans would have supported the State at such a moment?

Mr. Taylor's whole selective process is rhetorical rather than scientific. May I conclude therefore with a question of the type in which he specialises? During the shameful period of British history when the German opponents of Nazism received neither help nor encouragement from the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments, did either Mr. Taylor or I make a single protest comparable in sacrificial cost to that of the humblest German who drew his last tortured breath in Dachau or Oranienburg?

C. A. SMITH

81 Arcadian Gardens,
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RE-EDUCATION OF GERMAN PRISONERS

SIR,—In a recent letter we stated that a pamphlet containing Thomas Mann's broadcasts to Germany was being refused entry into German P.O.W. camps

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Sir Alfred Watson *(late* editor of the *Statesman*, Calcutta) in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

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JONATHAN CAPE

in this country. We now find that the situation is rather that an offer which the Free German League of Culture (who publish the booklet) made in August of this year has been ignored. A printed receipt card was received from the War Office on August 19th in reply to a letter and three copies of the book, and nothing further had been heard two months later. When, however, Mr. Edmund Harvey asked the War Minister on October 24th why permission had been refused, Mr. Thurtle (for the Ministry of Information, to whom the question had been passed) replied:

"There is no trace of the receipt of any request. . ."

Pressed by Mr. Harvey, "Will there be any objection to the works of Thomas Mann being supplied to prisoners of war?" Mr. Thurtle replied "That is hypothetical. When we receive such requests we will consider them."

While it is evident that the letter in this case may have been lost between the several Ministries concerned, we cannot help feeling that if such matters received the attention their importance merits they would not be overlooked. Such "silent sabotage" is a weapon not unknown in the armoury of officialdom! In any case, it should not be left to a group of private individuals to make such an offer; the officials concerned should surely seek out opportunities for breaching the wall of prejudice which shuts in the Nazi mentality. The Free German Movement in this country is, of course, anxious to help in this, but is persistently ignored.

LESLIE MINCHIN,
Progressive League, Hon. Secretary
20 Buckingham Street,
Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

"VYING FOR ARAB FAVOUR"

SIR,—The interesting article published on October 31st, by the Arab, Jamil M. Baroody, emphasises various aspects of Middle Eastern "power-politics" but does not discuss the basic economic realities of that turbulent region. It is doubtful whether there is much to be gained by overlooking the fact that the pressing need of the Middle East is economic advancement, and a raising of the very low standard of living of the Arab peoples. Neither power-politics nor the political peregrinations of Arab politicians truly assist in bettering the lot of the agricultural population who form by far the greatest section of the Arabs of Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, Iraq and the Arabian peninsula.

One would like to see combined Arab statesmanship fostering development schemes of electrification and irrigation, organising attacks on widespread illiteracy and disease and genuinely concerning itself with the well-being of the Arab masses. Your journal has long recognised the need for tackling international problems at their economic end, rather than the political, if the peoples of the world are eventually to obtain "their true and just inheritance." In the Arab-Jewish sphere this general thesis holds good.

Still, thorny political problems do remain. Jamil Baroody appears to examine the Palestine problem from a somewhat narrow angle only. The question, surely, should be seen in its fuller perspective: on the one hand the homelessness of the Jews as a people, and on the other the existence of five large Arab States with the future of the entire Arab people secure.

In announcing some days ago his acceptance of the plan for Palestine as a Jewish Commonwealth, President Roosevelt has shown that he understands this situation, and believes that the demand for the solution of a world problem carries no less weight than considerations of "vying for Arab favour."

"Holmleigh," Alresford, J. C. WILD
Hampshire.

WORLD MASTERY BY PAKISTAN

SIR,—Pakistan is popularly believed to be the crystallised demand of the Moslem League in India. And so it seems, but that it is not so has recently been explained by its progenitor Chaudhri Rahmat Ali who published it as his prophetic view of the future of Islam from his undergraduate lodge at Cambridge in 1933. His scheme remained dormant till it was taken up by the poet Sir Mohammad Iqbal, who passed it on to the Moslem League as a fine bludgeon to bring the Hindus to their knees. But if it succeeds there it does not end there, for it is a thorough-going scheme for world conversion and world conquest. "A new world will arise out of the ashes and embers of the old. That is to say, a world with its peoples and nations re-made, with its continents and countries re-mapped, with its seas and skies re-charted and with its surface and subterraneous wealth redistributed." (*per* Rahmat Ali).

Pakistan is, therefore, a twentieth-century crusade against non-Moslems, and its adoption as its main and only plank of the League platform is merely "a step" and a "challenge" to those who stand outside the holy frontiers of Islam.

The word *Pakistan* means "the abode of the Pure" or the Faithful as against *Dinai*—the land of the heretics and infidels.

8 Royal Avenue, HARI SINGH GOUR
Chelsea, S.W.3.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

SIR,—From his letter in your current issue regarding University representation, Mr. Stewart Cook has apparently not noticed that one of the recommendations of the Speaker's Conference was that "every person who has received or receives a degree, or its equivalent, shall be automatically registered, and no fees shall be charged for registration expenses."

As this was an agreed proposal there is every reason to suppose that it will be embodied in subsequent legislation.

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE
House of Commons.

TRIAL BY JURY

SIR,—As an expert on the matter, I find much that is wrong here, though without fuller knowledge of the facts it is perhaps impossible to comment effectively.

1. It is impossible to call a jury who will be fully occupied all the time, as it is quite unknown whether the pleas of "not guilty" which demand juries will be many or few, and there is also the accused's right of pre-emptory challenge in cases of felony—that is a right to object to a potential juryman which lessens the "pool." But they also serve who sit and wait, and surely it is important to watch the administration of justice which one can help to refashion if one objects to its manifestations.

2. "Juror" is probably referring to (*a*) county quarter sessions presided over by a lay chairman supported by justices, as there are no trials by juries at petty sessions; or (*b*) to borough quarter sessions of which the judge is a barrister and called "Recorder."

3. There is in the cells a printed notice telling the accused his right to free aid and the method of obtaining it.

4. Prosecuting counsel is not allowed to address the jury at the close of the case when the accused is undefended, and the Bar Council would have something to say were the matter brought to its notice.

5. So would the Court of Criminal Appeal if there was any sign of the judge "exhorting us to find him guilty." Such a direction would be outrageous.

6. "Binding over" unconditionally, I must confess I do not understand as the very act connotes a condition. The accused is bound over to keep the peace in a sum of money—usually £5—for a certain period, and if during this period he offends he is then punished for the former offence.

The whole account seems a most unhappy adventure in criminal procedure, and I can only suppose it occurred in some small and rural district unserved by the bar or solicitors of quarter sessions practice.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

". . . he tended towards negation on his own account, as one side of the New England mind had always done." In this sentence from his celebrated *Education*, Henry Adams puts his finger on the cause of all our discomfiture before the New England character. We are coarse and consequential—as Nathaniel Hawthorne also said—eccentric and positive, as we watch these anchorites from the waste land, who mortify themselves by pulling out the hairs of their brainy heads one by one and show us how to split them. Rarely an intellectual, the vulgar Englishman regards these spooky gaieties of the old men in their dry season with the appalled deference of an auctioneer who has been bypassed by the *cognoscenti*. Rousseau and St. Augustine confessed with all the warmth of their blood; but the New Englander is seen arguing and evading, *sotto voce*, at the Golden Gates, too pure to go in, too cautious to stay out.

The Education of Henry Adams is one of the two great American autobiographies. Benjamin Franklin's is the other. They are Alpha and Omega and the strange, long story of the diluting and chilling of the colonial blood lies between them. The intermediate phase has found its classical expression in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables*. There is a stony coldness in that beautiful book, which goes to the bones and numbs one with the solitude it evokes. There is always a certain pose in these New England writers—they are English enough for that—but they are posing alone, whereas the English themselves had models. Hawthorne found this infuriating. He hated the low Liverpool tradesmen for having the model of the middling gentleman to hand. Henry Adams belongs to a later phase. He is exactly contemporary with Henry James. He never suffers from the vulgar because he never has to meet them; as the grandson of a President, and a political aristocrat of the revolution, he has assured ground to stand on. Yet he also poses. He has created and elaborated the manner of a new intellectual finnicking and allusiveness, that reached its most fantastic and impressive expression in Henry James. One more New England phase has followed the death of Adams in 1910—the phase in which we have seen all the skeletons brought out of the Boston closets and an All Souls' Night of Freudian ghosts has followed the diffident and elusive footsteps of the historian of the *Education* with an indecent glee.

But, as Henry Adams said, the tendency to negation is only part of the New England story. A glance at all the New England writers, down to Henry Adams himself, suggests that their negation was one aspect of their dramatic genius: the more tentative, the more doubtful the person, the more dramatic the event. The *Education* is the most dramatic, even the most melodramatic of historical studies. Adams looked back upon his life as the privileged son of a privileged family, a life enriched by the closest contacts with the political and intellectual life in America and Europe, and concluded that Harvard and the best minds of Europe had totally failed to educate him. And by inference, anyone else. His attitude to education condescends towards that of H. G. Wells. But Adams was, the product of the eighteenth century, lost in the muddle of the nineteenth century; and no one had given him any notion of the equipment which would be required to manage a world that had given birth to an enormous new volume of power. Scientific and technical revolutions were dropping out of the womb of nature. Power had become limitless—though to-day he might have reflected that the power of self-destruction had grown with it and hung over it like a shadow—and he was not fitted by education to impose a unity upon the new chaos. The sight of Chartres and the other French cathedrals, his stay in Normandy and Brittany, at Coutances and Mont St-Michel, led him to compare the mediæval symbols with the huge dynamo of the Great Exposition, and he moved towards a mysticism of energy. Adams's emotion before the dynamo suggests to the suspicious and irreverent reader the sexual symbolism in Zola's *Germinal*. Adams would not resent this: he saw, as clearly as Lawrence saw, that America had simply killed sex as a source of value:

> Then he showed his scholar the great hall of dynamos, and explained how little he knew about electricity or force of any kind, even of his own special sun, which spouted heat in inconceivable volume, but which, as far as he knew, might spout less or more, at any time, for all the certainty he felt in it. To him, the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt the Cross. The planet itself seemed less impressive in its old-fashioned, deliberate, annual or daily revolution, than this huge wheel, revolving within arm's length at some vertiginous speed, and barely murmuring—scarcely humming an audible warning to stand a hair's breadth further for respect of power—while it would not wake the baby lying close against its frame. Before the end one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.

Wells had egoistically rejected Marxism. Adams was simply negative and New England about it. Marx might be useful; but again he might not. Where Wells and Adams are united is in their fascination with the new scientific revolution. Adams hunted for a mathematic formula or law which might relate natural force and history, but one's impression is that this was just a game invented by the negative mind. Adams's real response had been emotional. The one-time Unitarian who had sloughed his dry religious skin so easily as a youth, experienced a profound emotion at Chartres and wished his emotion about the dynamo to be just as strong. He was on the verge of those theatrical feelings about machinery which the Futurists—those early intellectual Fascists—were to have.

The search for education is the impalpable element in Henry Adams's pilgrimage across the nineteenth century. We read him not only for the rare and exciting pictures of the things he saw, things like the growing quarrel with the South in Boston and Washington, the portrait of Lee's son or the diplomatic battle with Palmerston about arming ships for the Confederates; but for his sharp, historical and telescopic eye for states of mind. Adams was a naturalist among the politicians of his time, and his irony was his smelling bottle. Emerson and others had admired English eccentricity. It impressed them that in English politics everyone said of everyone else: So and so is quite mad. That did not impress Adams. A little less eccentric and we might have behaved more sensibly—and more honestly—about the Southern States. The young Adams moved about London in those years as discreetly as a ghost, quietly appalled by the brutality of English manners and more and more convinced that what a young man learned in England would be useless outside of England. One read Thackeray, thinking him a satirist, and found instead that he was almost photographing the people in the Clubs. It was all so mad that it taught one nothing. The clever young man who had seen Boston revert straight to the seventeenth century on the question of slavery, observed that in England the political leaders had been fixed by the Napoleonic wars. Fixed and ossified:

> From down the staircase one heard Lord Palmerston's laugh as he stood at the door receiving his guests. . . . The laugh was singular, mechanical, wooden, and did not seem to disturb his features. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" It was a laugh of 1810 and the Congress of Vienna.

Where Hawthorne blustered and grew as touchy as a tourist, Adams the historian analysed:

> Then came the journey up to London through Birmingham and the Black District, another lesson which needed much more to be rightly felt. The plunge into darkness lurid with flames; the sense of unknown horror in this weird gloom which then existed nowhere else, and never had existed before, except in volcanic craters; the violent contrast between this dense, smoky, impenetrable darkness, and the soft green calm that one glided into, as one emerged—the revelation of an unknown society of the pit—made a boy uncomfortable, though he had no idea that Karl Marx was standing there waiting for him, and that sooner or later the process of education would have to deal with Karl Marx much more than with Professor Bowen of Harvard College or his Satanic free-trade majesty John Stuart Mill.

In London the eighteenth century held its own:

> A certain style dignified its grime; heavy, clumsy, arrogant, purse-proud, but not cheap; insular but large; barely tolerant of an outside world, and absolutely self-confident. The boys in the streets made such free comments on the American clothes and figures, that the travellers hurried to put on tall hats and long overcoats to escape criticism. No stranger had rights even in the Strand. The eighteenth century held its own. History muttered down Fleet Street, like Dr. Johnson, in Adams's ear; Vanity Fair was alive on Piccadilly in yellow chariots with coachmen in wigs, on hammer-cloths; footmen with canes, on the footboard, and a shrivelled old woman inside; half the great houses, black with London smoke, bore large funereal hatchments; everyone seemed insolent, and the most insolent structures in the world were the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England. In November 1858 London was still vast, but it was the London of the eighteenth century that an American felt and hated.

But the American liked London best when he hated it—in that showing his English blood—for, in later years,

> The great city grew smaller as it doubled its size; cheaper as it quadrupled its wealth; less imperial as its empire widened; less dignified as it tried to be civil.

After the provincial snobbery of Hawthorne's tourism, the rich strata of Adams are a delight. There is certainly not a flattering note about England in this book; it even snubs us by writing us back into our history. States of mind interested Adams, not custom nor even character. When he came to London to help his father, who was Ambassador, the young private secretary saw us in one of our frequent crises of bad conscience; a crisis which was most recently repeated in the Spanish Civil War. In that we might have taken Henry Adams's American Civil War as a model; the two pictures are mournfully similar. As one reads these enquiring pages, one lives again through the London of 1936 and '37. The atrocity stories were, then, hung on the "brutality" of Lincoln, and there's a wonderful picture of Thackeray joining in the outcry. What puzzled Henry Adams was not that Palmerston and Lord John Russell lied to the Americans and everyone else; nor was he vastly troubled by the question whether they knew they were lying, as everyone else did. What he wanted to know and could never find out, was whether they knew what they were doing, whether they had a policy, whether they thought they were being strong. English eccentricity touched its depths, for Adams, at this period. He was puzzled, too, much later on, to decide why Mr. Gladstone should think his full recantation and confession could possibly put him right. Why should he get a moral kick out of it? The New Englander, one supposes, was hankering to fix on Mr. Gladstone the political equivalent of the Scarlet Letter.

And so, unstrung by his departure, Adams left to continue the search which was to end in the air, somewhere between the glass at Chartres and the dynamo of the Great Exposition. Complex, diffident, melancholy and original, shuffling the cards of history to and fro, Henry Adams considered and reconsidered his hand, and came to the conclusion that he still did not know enough to permit him to play.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

The Inquest. By ROBERT NEUMANN. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.
The Bachelor. By STELLA GIBBONS. *Longmans Green.* 10s. 6d.
Simone. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.
Where Helen Lies. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

Will this sixth winter of the war (already so dank, so gelid) still further numb our sensibilities? Spectators of the European reign of terror, our sympathies are getting overtaxed, and we have little to spare, for instance, for the subject of two of this week's novels. This subject is the fate in England of the political refugee of some years' standing—the individual Italian or Austrian, Czech, Spaniard or Albanian who took sanctuary here before the outbreak of war. How often do most of us now think of these lonely exiles? Yet they are everywhere about us: that man in the long overcoat you saw staring at the lupin beds in Kensington Gardens one day last summer, the man in the flat above you whose melancholy, restless tread keeps you awake at night, the woman with the German accent in the butcher's queue, the dentist or the dressmaker who seems importunate. We have learned to be callous about them. Beside death in London under the rubble it seems a holiday to have spent four years in the Isle of Man. Compared to the lot of young Frenchmen or young Russians, one might think it a merciful dispensation to slave as a skivvy in a Midlands suburb or be sent by error to Australia in a lousy, overcrowded ship of internees. Imagination has been blunted by accounts of physical atrocities. If for this reason alone a first-rate novel about these sad expatriates is timely. It is not the journalist's business to display the intimate subjective sufferings of the dispossessed or the imprisoned. For this the novelist must take over the typewriter.

Mr. Neumann's *The Inquest* is a harsh and excellent book, a study of the effects of political fanaticism on passionate private lives. This novel is the story of forty-eight hours, the interval between the apparent suicide of a young female refugee in a Bayswater lodging house and the inquest on her body. A distinguished English writer meets Miss Bibiana Santis one evening at an Austrian theatre in Hampstead. A day later he rings her up, dines with her, stays part of the night with her; to be woken at home the next morning by the police, who tell him she has gassed herself. His first anxiety is to remain indifferent. What was she, anyway, he reflects. Probably a tart. But he is quickly gripped by an urge to find out more about her and to analyse her motives for suicide. This urge impels him to track down all her acquaintance in the short time left before the inquest. The tempo of Shilling's search is brilliantly maintained, and the book presses on to its climax, his interview with Miss Santis's Italian lover, a survivor of the *Arandora Star*. English readers may be surprised to find Huyton and the Isle of Man coupled with Buchenwald and Dachau in this Italian's mind. But Mr. Neumann's thesis, as I understand it, is that loss of freedom and of hope are in themselves the worst of evils. It is the barbed wire that induces despair, not what goes on behind it. This is an ugly and witty book but it is also salutary. Read, for example, of Charity House, that institution for "drafting middle-aged middle-class middle-European ladies into the domestic services of the British Isles." Here the old lady who interviews applicants greets them with, "Now, now, Emma, don't tell me about that twelve-room flat or those five servants you had to wait on you," or warns the weak: "If you don't make a success of it, Gertrud, we might have to tell the Home Office." I gather this is Mr. Neumann's second novel in English. Would it be impertinent to remind so skilful a writer that even the English sentence, that lithest of literary instruments, will crack under a cartload of adjectives? Or that though it is indeed effective to omit all commas, it gives a certain flexibility to use one now or then?

Miss Gibbons's *Bachelor* is a neat and agreeable novel. A "Bairanian" (?Albanian) girl, a refugee from the Italian conquest, settles in England as servant in a small house in the country. Her coils of yellow hair and broken accent swiftly bewitch a young guest in the house, Richard, as well as its elderly owner, the bachelor of the title. Miss Gibbons's refugee, Vartouhi, is bright, alien and given to such linguistic mistakes as saying "too also." This kind of lapse, a perennial source of merriment to English people, goes better in a play than in a longish novel. Indeed, the whole of *The Bachelor* might well be dramatised into one of those harmless, uproarious plays that hold the London stage month after month. For this book is peopled with conventional modern figures: the young man with a scientific outlook who still can't control Love, the young woman who expects to be asked to go to bed but is astounded by a proposal of marriage, the gallant, pretty, sophisticated mother of forty-five, the comic, cause-ridden spinster. If you like them, here they are.

The opening chapter of *Simone* concerns another aspect of refugee life—refugees in slow flight down crowded roads, the flotsam, not the jetsam. It is a tale of June, 1940, and the scene is a little white, dusty French town. The subject, a sixteen-year-old girl's patriotism, is a simple one. Simone is niece to the local garage proprietor, a rich man who owns and controls local road transport and has huge stocks of black-market petrol. The uncle (who has collaborationist tendencies) fails to destroy the garage and the petrol before the Germans come, and so Simone does it herself. She is rewarded by being condemned to the local penitentiary, but she has also won the respect (no more) of a young Socialist lorry-driver who had hitherto been at pains to insult her. Had Mr. Feuchtwanger dealt with Simone on her own, this book might have been successful. As it is, he is determined that she should find her inspiration in Joan of Arc, and that the reader should chart his way through Simone's tortuous dream-world, which is dominated by her conviction that she herself has, in fact, become St. Joan.

Where Helen Lies is set in England and in Ireland in the days just preceding September 3, 1939. It is a good novel in the safest English tradition, Dickensian in its reliance on subsidiary character and incident to refuel our interest in the main theme. Like Mr. Neumann, Miss Lane describes a search—the search (at first reluctant but soon willing and hectic) of Charles Denham for the girl he loved ten years ago and lost by the contrivances of his formidably worldly mother-in-law. But whereas each twist and turn of Mr. Neumann's narrative is sharp and unexpected, and the whole novel moves forward to a crescendo, Miss Lane leads us pleasantly, competently downhill. For me this gentle descent ended in the rank flats of disappointment. For when at length Denham finds his girl (playing Desdemona to Irish villagers; a delightful study of touring-company Shakespeare), she is even more wonderful than he remembered but far less exciting than one had hoped. I do not think it is sufficient for a novelist to show us the love-lorn, the enchanted, only. We all know how that feels. The test of this kind of writing is to make the object of a grand passion as fascinating to us as to that passion's slave—to convince us that Lady Glencora could not have failed to love Burgo Fitzgerald or Félix de Vandenesse or Madame de Mortsauf. Miss Lane's Eileen Oram is a thin girl with short black hair and a mackin-

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tosh. *What* does Denham see in her? This is a question we are forever asking in life. It really is too bad of Miss Lane to expect us to ask it in literature as well. JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

HOPKINS

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889). A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition. By W. H. GARDNER. With a Foreword by GERARD HOPKINS. *Secker and Warburg.* 25s.

There is something to be said for centenaries. Not that a hundred years in themselves mean more than 99 or 101 years, except to the eye of the news editor; but in an uncertain market any fillip may be better than none. The first or trial centenary, that of birth, comes in time to lift a writer out of neglect; and should this celebration—as it is hopefully called—go well, a second and grander revival, commemorating the death, may be expected to follow. Without such benefits, and the help of birthplaces, plaques and scandals, the cases of unmerited decline would certainly be harder.

The Hopkins centenary differs from others because there has been no intervening slump. Born 1844—that sets him in the same decade as Pater and Swinburne, and he died before either; but their reputation had begun to dwindle before his was even born. The poems, published for the most part in 1918, have not yet exhausted their original impetus, so that the customary reminders and revaluations must be lacking. We go on reading Hopkins, or we have left off Hopkins: in either case, we don't go back to him.

Mr. Gardner offers for the occasion an unusual "centenary commemoration" volume (with another to follow), on which he began working ten years ago. It is the most balanced and informative study of Hopkins that has been written, and every page testifies to a lucid and hard-working piety. Some rather abstruse trails are involved (most of these have been left for the second volume). Among the influences, for example, on Hopkins's development, are Welsh poetry and Scotism; every reader has known this from a distance; but Mr. Gardner goes the whole way, learning Welsh and elucidating for himself and for us the points of Scotist theology. Is it worth while? Enthusiasts of FitzGerald don't bother with Persian, and we should pity the critic who found a knowledge of astrology essential to the enjoyment of Yeats. The answer, in the case of Hopkins, depends partly on whether you consider him a great poet or not. Obviously those who don't will regret the application of Mr. Gardner's scholarship. But apart from Hopkins's stature as a poet, and the importance we attach to elucidating his detail, there is the freshness and particularity of that detail to consider. He himself set his kind of writing against what he called the Parnassian school (the Victorian romantics); his sources went back to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, to the rhythms of Anglo-Saxon poetry; and in the twists and turns of common speech he found more inspiration than in current literary tradition. Sprung rhythm—the most important metrical discovery of the last two hundred years—has its origin in nursery rhyme, its justification in Milton and Shakespeare. There is a sense in which Hopkins was right when, in a letter to Bridges, he claimed that he had more in common with Whitman than with any other living writer; but where Whitman divined by accident, Hopkins struck and found. Note the sub-title of Mr. Gardner's book: "A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition." The special pattern of Hopkins, whether expressed in landscape, criticism, religious belief or the choice of syntax, was the result of exact but impassioned search. This idiosyncrasy leads to distortions when it would certainly be better both for us and for Hopkins if his individuality were a little less stubbornly ringed round; but taking the rough with the smooth—a habit to which he accustoms us—I cannot feel that this peculiarity of accent is a fault. On the contrary, after listening to Tennyson or Swinburne I find a poem by Hopkins as refreshing as a real voice when the wireless has been turned off; and this despite the fact that I do not share his religion and dislike buttonholing. By comparison, other poets, greater than Hopkins, seem curiously unessential; they are so often pulp and rind, he is all kernel; it is as though instead of Shakespeare we had only the utterances of Hamlet, so steepened (even for Shakespeare) in their inflexion.

> Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours
> That neighbour-nature the grey beauty is grounded
> Best in. . . .

> Wert then my enemy, O thou my friend,
> How wouldst thou worse I wonder than thou dost,
> Defeat, thwart me? . . . .

> Ah, touched in your bower of bone
> Are you! turned for an exquisite smart
> Have you! make words break from me here all alone
> Do you! —mother of being in me, heart.

The tones are arresting. Not that Hopkins willingly dramatised himself, or forced situations for the sake of the intonation, but the conventional wrappings of the soul—and, one may add, or the senses—are absent. The self, for Hopkins, was a condition of living to be exulted in, under God, as he exulted in Purcell, a falling wave or the shapes of ash-trees. Mr. Gardner shows more clearly than any earlier critic how this love of particularity, grounded in belief, worked its way out in the vocabulary peculiar to Hopkins.

In two chapters, "Diction and Syntax" and "Themes and Imagery," we are given fascinating examples of the ways in which words acquire the Hopkins stamp. Sometimes the source of an image is literary.

> Flesh fade, and mortal trash
> Fall to the residuary worm,

is traced back to a Shakespeare sonnet,

> Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
> Eat up thy charge,

and a phrase from Chaucer which describes a stone thrown into water as making "a little roundel as a cercle" is caught up by Hopkins into

> . . . raindrop-roundels looped together
> That lace the face of Penmaen Pool.

Phrases and even single words in Hopkins are often, as Mr. Gardner points out, poems in themselves. After Shakespeare, probably no other English writer has given life to so many technical, obsolete and dialect terms. The "rash, smart, *sloggering* brine" snatches an expressive word from the cricket field, while *chevy* and *bone-house*, slang survivals, distinguish two of his most impressive passages. Hopkins naturally preferred the home-bred and the unsmoothed to the coin handed down from one poet to another. A glance through any dictionary of quotations will reveal the extent of that "poetic currency" which makes it inevitable that poets should repeat one another, not only in diction but in the ideas and emotions that cling to words.

Mr. Gardner's analysis of word-building is perhaps the most valuable part of his study. However often we may have read, for example, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, be sure that Mr. Gardner will have read more carefully, with an eye that puts our slovenliness to shame. In other chapters, with the same meticulous scholarship, he discusses rhythm, metre, the sonnet form, Hopkins's life and religion, and the deviations of reviewers. Hopkins had a discerning early critic in Mr. Edward Sapir; and no *sottisier*

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Ignorant Hopkins! Learned Young!

Hopkins will probably always divide readers into two classes, those who welcome him as a dazzling exception and those who put him beyond the pale, and he still provides a subject in which it is difficult to see the wood for the trees. Mr. Gardner goes from tree to tree assiduously. He does not aim at giving a new judgment; he is, frankly, a weak critic of Hopkins's faults. But, in the circumstances, a fuller or more necessary book on its subject could hardly have been written.

G. W. STONIER

REVOLUTION AND TERRORISM

Red Prelude. By DAVID FOOTMAN. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Assassination is a dubious instrument of political progress. Whatever its advantages in removing particularly obnoxious people, in the absence of a strong revolutionary party and a situation which offers that party the chance of seizing power, it is a very open question whether terrorism is desirable or profitable. In a time of civil war, when the old system is clearly in a state of dissolution, the reason for armed struggle is obvious to both sides. But when the revolution has not yet matured, and when the immediate task is to create a strong revolutionary party, terrorism is far more likely to isolate those who have adopted it and scare away many who might have been their allies.

This, perhaps, may seem an academic and improper controversy to-day, in a country where assassination has been bad form ever since the Irish adopted it. But in fact it has an obvious relevance to the problems which have faced the European resistance movements in recent years. That is why Mr. Footman's book is topical, even though its subject is the murder of Alexander II in St. Petersburg sixty-three years ago. At every turn in this history of the *Narodnik* conspiracy one is brought up against the question of tactics. It is said that Lenin, on hearing of the execution of his brother for a minor part in the attempt, said: "No, we shall not take *that* road." Though this story may be apocryphal, it is certainly true that Lenin devoted the early part of his political career to fighting the *Narodnik* influence on the Russian revolutionary movement, opposing his idea of a mass proletarian party to their theory of "heroes" whose exploits would arouse all Russia to overthrow the Tsar and his attendant bureaucracy. That argument, however, really begins at the point where Mr. Footman ends his study and I think it is one of the main weaknesses of this excellent and careful biography that it lacks a conclusion which puts Zhelyabov, Sonia Perovskaya and their associates in the assassination of the Tsar into their proper context in the history of the Russian revolution. Mr. Footman's tribute to their courage, organising capacity and personal idealism—which were an example to which their Bolshevik successors turned for inspiration—gives an exaggerated conception of their importance and an inadequate impression of their limitations.

Mr. Footman has chosen to portray the conditions under which revolutionary intellectuals lived in the Russia of the Sixties through a biography of Zhelyabov, the son of a family of serfs in the Crimea, who became the leader of the small group which for some years prior to 1881 made continual attempts upon the life of the Tsar and other high officials. The material for such a study is fragmentary. For his account of Zhelyabov's family history and his early life, Mr. Footman had to turn to an unusual source. In 1880, when one of their comrades was executed, the terrorists decided to collect short autobiographies of their leaders for publication in clandestine papers after the person in question had been hanged. From Zhelyabov's self-prepared obituary we learn of his childhood in Odessa and the Crimea. He was a brilliant child, and his master took over responsibility for his education. Eventually he was suspended from the university for organising a demonstration against an unpopular teacher; his contacts with the revolutionary movement so far remaining on a small and secret scale. Mr. Footman has managed to collect sufficient information about this period of his life to draw an excellent picture of his reactions both to the anarchist theories which were then spreading amongst Russian intellectuals, and to the despotism which stifled all initiative and forced Russian literature, as well as progressive politics, into the gloom of nihilism and frustration. The book is episodic in form, which permits Mr. Footman to include a great deal of detail about social and political conditions, a task which he performs with such considerable ability that outside the memoirs of the revolutionaries themselves I can recommend no better book for an insight into the atmosphere of the times.

Consequently, as we follow Zhelyabov's career, we are told much which has never before been available to English readers about the pre-Marxian revolutionary movement and its attempts to overthrow the Tsarist regime. But the value of Mr. Footman's narrative is seriously diminished by his deliberate insistence on "personal experience as opposed to ideological theory." He is able to show why Zhelyabov and the others turned to terrorism after their attempts to build a political party had failed—and that is a personal experience of considerable importance. What he does not show is the fundamental misjudgment which the *Narodniks* made of the whole path of social development in Russia. Without such an analysis his panegyric of them as individuals produces a distorted view of their importance. They underestimated the significance of Russian industrial development, and thus organised the workers primarily to secure recruits for their terrorist groups and not as a revolutionary force. And, on the other hand, they made an entirely false appraisal of the revolutionary potentialities of the peasants. Ignoring the growth of capitalism in Russian agriculture, they regarded the village commune as an embryonic form of socialism which would flourish once the autocracy had been overthrown. It is not enough for Mr. Footman to try to offset this by quoting a "socialist" manifesto of the terrorists and to refer to Zhelyabov's criticism of those who took a romantic view of the peasants, when, at the same time, Plekhanov—whose introduction of Marxism into Russia is historically of far greater importance than Zhelyabov's bomb-throwing—is shown as a rather petulant and ineffective figure.

Mr. Footman, however, is at his best when he is describing the details of each new attempt upon the Tsar or one of his functionaries; when he portrays the conditions under which Zhelyabov and the others lived and worked; or the intense emotional and personal struggles which went on in their minds. When one reflects upon the enormous difficulties which the terrorists faced and overcame with limited numbers and resources, upon their loyalty to the cause and to each other, and the way in which each gave his capacities without stint or question, it is impossible not to be stirred. As the story nears the climax of the actual assassination, the subsequent arrest and trial of the conspirators and, finally,

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nglish, Scottish and Welsh Landscape. Verse chosen by JOHN BETJEMAN and GEOFFREY TAYLOR. *Frederick Muller.* 10s. 6d.

The reader's first reaction to this book is one pleasurable expectation. Mr. John Piper's st-cover beckons compellingly, and does Mr. tjeman often fail to justify his tastes, one way nother? The preface, perhaps, seems a little clined to forestall reproach: "Well may the itical exclaim, where are Spenser, Keats and rdy? . . . Who are all these unknown clergyen?" A slight chill of disappointment falls th the discovery that limitations of space have d the compilers to confine the anthology to the riod between 1700 and 1860; as one turns er the pages Mrs. Hemans's *Sabbath Sonnet* ings no consolation for the absence of Herrick. e miss the direct light touch, unmannered but aceful, and never prosaic, of the sixteenth and venteenth centuries. With the eighteenth the st traces of the out-of-door bluestocking can be served, the curious yet typical product, like untry clothes and week-ends, of the urban glish, who have made country life into their ost passionate hobby. As yet the pedantry is ly æsthetic, the questing eye looking for ospects either sublime or picturesque, observing th Lady Winchilsea that "Salisbury stands e test of every light," not bird-watching. Later tural history intrudes with a profusion of wild wers, some in Latin, and one is reminded of acock's rebuke to Shelley for the seasonal compatibility of the visionary nosegay in *The estion.*

About fifty writers are represented in this thology, and the authors wish us to think of ir work in pictorial terms: as an inn-sign, a otman, or a Bewick woodcut. But some of ese writers cannot be compared with any artist, cause no picture can be quite as dull as a bad em. That is why children like picture-books. wer writers and more passages from the best of em would have made a less representative but ore enjoyable book, and personally I can't help senting the inclusion of the two poems by Ke le, hich barely constitute landscape poetry as defined by the authors. Luckily, this *is* a picture book, and buoyed up by Mr. Piper's lovely and exciting lithographs one continues to read, and reading brings reconciliation.

Very few poets, surprisingly enough, seem able to catch the character of the different countries, or even of the three countries. One wonders for a moment whether one's impression of the infinite and subtle varieties of landscape jostling each other in this small island is an illusion left by the magnifying glass of childhood. Here Crabbe, of course, succeeds completely. He is the only major poet to fit naturally and entirely into this anthology, and no one else can compare in evocative power; the fenland of Suffolk is etched in the mind with acid, and his flatness and stiffness, his lack of humour, help him to focus his object instead of blurring it. Beside this detached intensity most other writers seem rootless and remote, and even the Oxfordshire of Matthew Arnold idealised and literary. Crabbe had the advantage of describing scenery far from fashionable, which he himself would hardly have admired, but which fitted faithfully his mood and talent. Like a painter making a portrait of an old, plain, wrinkled face, he was not tempted to embellish or improve.

The truth is that few good poets have written much descriptive poetry, though many have been permeated by the atmosphere of some particular countryside. The greater the pity that we were not allowed a greater range of time. But there are many good poems in the anthology, and even though most of them are by famous writers such as Pope, Thomson, Collins and Cowper, their admirable qualities stand out more surely in this context, where the extent of their achievement can be measured by comparison. Several less known poems are remarkable in their modest felicity, like Charles Kingsley's *Christmas Day*, or William Barnes's *Hill and Dell.*

. . . Where grey-headed withy-trees lean o'er the brook
Of grey-lighted waters that swirl by the nook,
And only the girls and the swans are in white,
Like snow on grey moss in the midwinter's light,
And wind softly drives, with a low rustling sound,
By waves on the water and grass on the ground.

It is an excellent thing to be reminded that poetry has many pinnacles, and that the lyric, by which most poets are judged, is not the only test of achievement.

Freedom of subject and vocabulary has increased immeasurably, but poetry has restricted itself to fewer and fewer forms. Much of the gaiety, the adaptability and the range of English literature have vanished; the intense and profound engulf many small talents who never fruit in this exacting medium. The blame lies with the readers, who have little time and many rivals for its use, and who want the distilled essence of poetry rather than a long mild draught to sip. But although few rifts are loaded with ore in this domesticated verse, we are enriched by many exact and memorable phrases, the "impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths" of cows (*Aurora Leigh*), the "starling claps his tiny castanets" (Tennyson), and John Clare's sunset:

The sun is gone down like a wearisome queen,
In curtains the richest that ever were seen.

CRESSIDA RIDLEY

REFLECTIONS ON GOVERNMENT

Public and Private Government. By CHARLES EDWARD MERRIAM. *Oxford University Press.* 11s. 6d.

American scholarship has throughout this war had a distinct advantage over British thought. American scholars have never had their libraries bombed or, in order to save them, had to store them far away from their homes. Consequently it is not surprising that American books, as far as documentation goes, seem to be richer and more up to date than similar British productions. Moreover, reading Professor Merriam's extremely valuable lectures on *Public and Private Government*, one feels that the two realms of political action and political thought appear to be nearer to each other beyond the Atlantic than in our island.

Professor Merriam opens his lectures with an immensely topical discussion of the similarities of public and private government. He draws attention to the often forgotten fact that whether you consider the Chamber of Commerce, the Masonic Order, the labour union, your political party, your club, even your church organisation, politics is never absent from all of them. "Is there no petty bureaucracy?" asks Professor Merriam, "are there no efforts to seize power in what we call a dictatorial manner, are there those seeking or holding power without responsibility?" Surely this is all too true, though we do not know much about the political structure of these "non-political" bodies.

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Prime Ministers, their ministers, their bureaucracies, etc., etc. The adjustments of all these pluralisms lead Professor Merriam to a discussion of the problems of sovereignty, not without an informative glance over four hundred years of history of this concept.

The following two lectures interpret the new meanings of organisation and raise the problem of democracy and organisation. While the former chapter gives an extremely useful summary of the truly formidable mass of research on modern organisational patterns in the U.S.A., the latter chapter remains surprisingly vague. "Hitherto undreamed-of speed of communication and transportation," writes again Professor Merriam, "unimagined richness of productivity, unparalleled mass activities alike in government and industry, new knowledge of personal and social processes—these are developments still racing forward with unabating speed, along a rising sense of human dignity and justice." Indeed? Professor Merriam himself admits that he is an idealist and an optimist. This is his great American temper, an attitude which I deeply respect, but do not share. I admit the unabating speed of our contemporary world, but I cannot see the rising sense of human dignity and justice. *Knabe wirf nicht den Mut in die Schnelligkeit*, Rilke warns us. Professor Merriam's conclusions do not bear out his profound and sceptical introductory analysis. So I, for my part, prefer the first half of this admirable little book.

Perhaps after all the fact that we have been writing and thinking on politics throughout these years, sometimes away from our books and libraries or with bombs near and above us, had its advantage. When death confronts you every hour, you are less apt to fall a prey to optimistic illusions. Our political thought may be less documented, but we see the realities or at least attempt to see them as they really are.

J. P. MAYER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

MOZART: *Symphony in G* (K318). B.B.C. Symph. Orch., cond. Adrian Boult (H.M.V. DB6172).

DELIUS: *Violin Concerto.* Albert Sammons with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1160–62).

ENESCO: *Roumanian Rhapsody No.* 1, *Op.* 11. Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy (H.M.V. DB6130).

STRAUSS: *On the Beautiful Blue Danube.* N.B.C. Symphony Orch., cond. Toscanini (H.M.V. DB6171).

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in B Flat, Op.* 11. Denis Matthews (piano), Reginald Kell (clarinet), Anthony Pini ('cello) (Col. DX1164–66).

BRAHMS: *Intermezzo in B Flat minor, Op.* 117. Solomon, and *Rhapsody in G. minor, Op.* 79. (H.M.V. C3406)

THOMAS: "*O Vision Entrancing*" (*Esmeralda*).
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR: "*Onaway! Awake!*" (*Hiawatha*). Webster Booth, with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (H.M.V. C3407).

BIZET: *The Flower Song* (*Carmen*).
GOUNOD: "*All Hail, thou Dwelling!*" (*Faust*). Heddle Nash, with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (H.M.V. C3405).

The little G major Symphony of Mozart is really an overture, consisting as it does of a single allegro movement with a longish central andante. This was a form dear to the eighteenth century, and very dull it could be, when inattentively composed. But this example is a first-class work of art, sunny and full of inventive surprises from start to finish. It is not at all well known to the general public and is the kind of thing eminently worth recording, for its concision, clarity of feeling and melodiousness make it sure of appeal to even moderately musical people. The performance and recording are really excellent; Sir Adrian Boult here achieves a sharper edge to the music and a livelier rhythm than his recordings have shown for some time.

To the many requests for the Delius *Violin Concerto*, the Gramophone Company has responded nobly with a recording entirely worthy of this strange, unique, uninsistent piece of musical eloquence, continuous and real as a shaft of sunlight.

Who's turned us round like this, so that we always,
do what we may, retain the attitude
of someone who's departing? Just as he,
on the last hill, that shows him all his valley
for the last time, will turn and stop and linger,
we live our lives, for ever taking leave.

This is the most treacherous of all emotions to translate into art—more treacherous even than love, because in its raw state it resembles even more nearly the art to which it must aspire. Wild with all regret, the moods in which we feel and listen to the inexorable weir of Time make rhapsodists of us all. But in order to be art, a rhapsody must be fully sustained: it must *complete* the emotions which evoke it, as Rilke's Eighth Elegy completes the sensation of autumn in the leaf and in the heart. The golden shower of sunset inspired many, if not most, of Delius's music, but I doubt whether he ever sustained the ecstasy of farewell more completely than in this work which was written comparatively late in his career (1916). The concerto medium suits the intention perhaps better than any other, for it enabled Delius to invent a continuous *cadenza accompagnata* of which, apart from the short and (to my mind) otiose section in the inevitable six-eight metre, the entire work consists. There are two main themes and first-movement form is loosely observed, but the freedom of the solo part is so extreme, and the transformations of the principal semi-quaver figure so continual and so wonderfully expressive, that the sensation of listening to a sustained cadenza is overwhelming. The only possible excuse for this kind of music is sheer loveliness, and for once Delius is completely successful. We may find the six-eight section to be dull and mechanical, but the final pages recapture the mood and carry it to a conclusion which drenches the mind in colour and light. The concerto is unlikely ever to find a better interpreter than Albert Sammons.

Enesco's *Roumanian Rhapsody* is almost equally well played—indeed with an orchestral virtuosity that is worth listening to for its own sake; but what a waste of time and effort it all is! How many masterpieces as brief as this extravagant and monotonous piece of vulgarity await the lively baton of Eugene Ormandy! If we must have this kind of music, at least let it be good of its kind. Tricked out with every sort of Viennese gawdiness, and seeking to impose itself by the spurious pomp of an opus number, this piece of third-rate Liszt simply will not do.

The Blue Danube, on the other hand, has nothing intrinsically phoney about it, but with all respect to Toscanini, I suggest that this sort of music loses its charm when it is over-presented. A certain simplicity, a certain spontaneity, are essential to the gaiety and lightness aimed at by the composer. A huge symphony orchestra, placed in a studio with a liberal echo and conducted with the poring anxiety suitable to the performance of a Beethoven symphony, cannot hardly fail to make a piece like this sound overdressed. It is typical of the times we live in that one of the greatest of living conductors should lend himself to such a malapropism.

It is a pleasure to turn back from these modernistic furnishings to a genuine piece of music-making. Beethoven's "Grand" Trio for piano, clarinet and 'cello was written in the same year (1798) as the three string trios, and it is not inferior to them in material or composition. This is in fact a superb exercise in the high classical manner, and the performance is as nearly perfect as may be.

Solomon gives us Brahms in very restrained subfuse colours. I am not sure this is altogether a

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ntage where the pianistic writing is apt to err
e side of muddiness; but no one could call this
g vulgar or empty. The recording seems a
lacking in relief.

oring-Thomas and Coleridge-Taylor are both
composers, judged by the standards of to-day.
former belongs to the impossible operatic
tion of Balfe and Wallace, with perhaps a few
r helpless accretions from Gounod and Ambroise
mas. In any case the result is *jejune* in the last
e and can scarcely mean anything to anyone
y. "*Onaway! Awake!*" is another matter.
luxurious harmony stems from Spohr rather than
ner, but in spite of the obvious weakness of the
tle section this is its composer's most effective
and has probably nearly as much appeal now as
d before the last war. Webster Booth sings both
s with a nice sense of the stylistic modifications
ved.

he difference between genius and talent could
ly be better exemplified than by the juxtaposition
Gounod and Bizet both addressing themselves to
ame task. True, Gounod is describing innocence
Bizet the reverse, but the point of view is musically
ar and in each case successful. Both songs do
ctly what they set out to do, but the crux of each
in the coda. Gounod's is sweet but obvious,
reas Bizet's establishes the whole song on a level
eling to which Gounod never pierced. Heddle
n's singing is meltingly beautiful and true, but the
estral colouring of Bizet's coda is here less
eous than it should be.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 770

by Yates Mason

aff magazines and annual reports of charitable
tutions have a peculiar literary style of their own,
cularly when dealing with the ceremonial visits
oyalty and titled patrons. Competitors are asked
rite an extract (limit 200 words) from such a
ication describing such a visit from which the
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ings did not go entirely according to plan. Both
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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 767

Set by William Whitebait

The usual prizes are offered for remarks on conversations heard in cinemas. Limit 200 words.

Report by William Whitebait

The mass-observer has had a field day this time. Since the arrival of the talkies people have had something to talk against, and the noisier the film the greater the rustle of conversation. My own experience (chiefly of the West End and suburbs of London) is that there are two kinds of interrupter: the independent talker, who goes on spooning or gossiping as though he or she were at home, and the voluble critic of the film. An extension of the latter type is the man who goes, as though to a wrestling or baseball match, to barrack the performance. Competitors have suffered variously. It is difficult to pick out winners, but I recommend that the prizes be divided equally between the entries starred.

Grey Voice: Gas fires is better than electric.

Blue Voice: Well, I don't know.

G.V.: So cosy, I think. Human, too, roaring away.

B.V.: But your lectric is so handy. No matches or anything. Cleaner, too, I think.

G.V.: But dry. Fair chokes me it does.

B.V.: Much cheaper, too, electric.

G.V.: Depends where you live. Eightpence a unit our way. Dreadful price that is. Just think what you pay, with your cooker and your washer and the iron. Then there's the wireless. If you have a lectric fire, too. . . .

B.V.: Fancy letting them charge that much for electricity.

G.V.: Well, Councillor Judd, he's on the Lectricity Board, so what can you expect. And his wife. . . .

B.V.: Yes, I know—Mollie told me yesterday. Well, I've always said, people who live in glass houses . . . and to look at her you'd think she was as meek as a lamb.

G.V.: Our vicar always says. . . .

B.V.: The end already. Pictures is such a nice change once in a week, I think. I. F. PARRY*

"My dear, I daren't come before with all them flying roebucks about."

(Close up of hero getting purposely involved with hereoine's dress): "Gawd, look at 'is 'ands!"

NAIL VARNISH*

"Paper said she was photogenic."

"Tck! Tck!"

"D'yer mean to say you never seen Snow-White?"

"Well, you see, it come when Uncle met his sad end, and mother said not to go in mourning because of the dwarfs."

"Maybe if I cut my toenails my shoes would fit better." L. E. J.*

By a young lady to her companion at the end of *Citizen Kane*: "Well, it was an *interesting* film; and it was *amusing* in parts; and, of course, it was frightfully *clever*; but you wouldn't say it was the sort of film you'd *enjoyed*, would you?"

During Ingrid Bergmann's description of her rape by Fascists in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*:

"I'm going to have my hair done like hers next week." L. W. BAILEY

At *This Happy Breed*: "Noel's still terribly brilliant, isn't he, even when he's *stumming*. . . ."

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The Society lady was preparing for bed. Hands anointed, face creamed and finger-massaged, etc. Ready at last, she put on a face mask, rather like a toothache bandage, which she bound tightly.

Whereupon a voice behind me said in the darkness: "Bet she won't talk in *'er* sleep tonight." DORE

Empty seats abounded. A girl came in and sat down. Dissatisfied, she got up and moved along the row to another seat. Still dissatisfied, she got up and took yet another seat.

Her meanderings brought this remark from a man a few rows behind: "Look at yon—playin' musical chairs wi' 'erself." RICHARD POMFRET*

Woman to Male Escort: "He offered me ten shillings for the whole night—what did he think I was?"

I. C. SAUL

"Well, she asked for it, silly thing! She oughter known 'e was a Nasty soon as 'e stood at attention to bawl 'er out!" REDLING

"An' djou know I 'ung 'is clean shirt over the chair for 'im and the dirty old b—— never changed it, an' 'e did the same thing last week." L. G. UDALL*

Coming out after the first performance of "King of Kings" at the Royal Opera House two old ladies began to discuss the film. "Well, how did you like it, dear?" asked one. "Oh, I liked it all right," was the reply, "but I thought it a bit sad in parts, didn't you?" B. R. CARTER

La Bohème, Second Act. Two women appear on the stage. Voice behind me: "Which of them is La Bohème?" L. L.

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